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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA.
Henry W. McCoy.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A MASHER OF HER OWN SEX.

HOW A PRETTY ACTRESS WHO AFFECTIONATELY WEARS MALE ATTIRE, WON THE ADMIRATION INSTEAD OF THE JEALOUSY OF HER NON-PROFESSIONAL SISTERS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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Franklin Square, New York.

A MERRY Christmas!—especially in the Hocking Valley.

THE campaign slanderers have all gone fishing—to keep their ends up.

A FRUGAL SWAIM.—The money-lending Judge Advocate General, U. S. A.

THEY do say that Brother Burchard will spell his Christmas turkey with three R's.

THE REV. Dr. Burchard has been engaged to write alliterative headlines for the Chicago Times.

MOTHER "BAUM" is the kind of vagrant the Canadian officials like to get hold of once in awhile.

HAZEN is played out and must go—not only out of West Point, but the Signal Service Bureau also.

RUGG has been denied a new trial. It's trial enough to have had Rugg go unhanged as long as he has.

ANOTHER subject the District Attorney doesn't want handled without gloves—the Mandelbaum scandal.

AN exchange remarks that "Patti does not seem to grow old." No, she sings; she does not dance in the ballet.

BEN. BUTLER has tied a knot in his pocket-handkerchief to remind him that he ran for the Presidency in 1884.

JOHN STETSON, who is an awfully funny fellow when he comes right down to business, says his Newmarket coat is *ne plus ulter*.

THE morgue-in-cell skeleton of Miss or Mrs. Blank, at the Carleton House, seems to point to a Morgan-attic marriage beforehand, eh?

IT is said that Gov. Cleveland will open the inauguration ball himself. Some of the government employees have already begun to dance.

A GERMAN philosopher has found out that Martin Luther threw his inkstand at the devil because he was bothering him for editorial copy.

MRS. LOCKWOOD is still crying for a fair count. That is the trouble with our American girls—some of them—they will get stuck on titles.

THE United States wants no reciprocity treaty with Canada if the dominion is likely to make return in kind for the number of rascals we are sending to her.

PRINCE SAGO, of Japan, died in Washington the other day. He died Japan-easily, and will, on Resurrection Day, come up a rise-pudding as well as a Sago.

PHILADELPHIA girls wear silk stockings upon which snakes, toads, and all kinds of bizarre designs are painted. Philadelphia men wear theirs in their boots.

THE Edison Manufacturing Company has just elected officers. Now it will be able to manufacture an Edison quite able to invent a really useful electric light.

THE girls at Vassar College have sent Gov. Cleveland a sponge cake of their own manufacture. There seems to be a deep-laid plan to make Tom Hendricks President.

IN Canton, China, they shine boots with banana-peel. No blacking is necessary, and the polish is said to be superior to that of the best French blacking. In fact, the Chinese vastly prefer it to the kind of blacking they are getting from the French nowadays.

IT's high time the Carleton House skeleton was identified over again. The number of families in which that particular kind of a skeleton seems to have figured is simply amazing.

AN Indiana man bet his sweetheart on Blaine, and when, after the election, she went over to the other fellow, he accused her of playing him false. Some men are never satisfied.

TWO men, both named Hill, and a man named Poorhouse, all ran for office out in Kansas, and the latter was elected. It was a case where the votes went over the Hills to the Poorhouse.

A "FLY" thief—the tramp who grabbed the revolver with which a fellow shot himself in Madison square, and had it "up the spout" for fifty cents before the corpse had straightened out.

THE indications are that when the London papers reach the vicinity of Khartoum, both Gen. Gordon and the False Prophet can enjoy the rare luxury of reading their own obituaries.

A RHODE ISLAND man tried to vote a \$50 bill instead of a ballot and when corrected he got mad and refused to vote at all. When a clamdeater gets rich he likes to make a display of his cash.

THE Toronto police say that Julius Mandelbaum is a perfect gem-un. In fact he is too much of a gem-un, considering that he hasn't paid duty on his diamonds. Hence the Baums are bastiled.

MOTHER BAUM doesn't find the air of Canada quite so healthy as she thought she would. It's not only too bracing, but the Kanucks don't want any criminal visitors below the grade of a bank president.

SOCIETY intelligence in the Omaha *Herald*—George and Chauncey Whiting, the two brothers of river-bottom notoriety who were ordered out of town last August for "keeps," have returned to this city.

AMUSEMENTS are necessarily few in the Michigan State Prison, and two light-hearted convicts relieved the dullness of their life by holding a companion's head in a furnace door to burn his hair off.

IT gives one a fearful shock to learn that Emma Abbott's daughter is to marry one of the secretaries of the British legation. Emma doesn't seem to us to be quite entitled to mother-in-law honors.

WHOOP! But didn't Harry Miner just make the Actors' Fund benefit a boom? Net receipts, \$3,670.88. And yet Jonah Stetson was so mad over Miner's being preferred to himself that he only contributed a curse to the benefit.

WE are patiently waiting for William Tecumseh Sherman to proceed with his promised scalping of old Jeff Davis. There is a dreadful fear that after all old Davis will find some way to circumvent justice and die of old age.

THE Chicago preachers appear to have no doubt "which way" Bob Ingersoll is going, and intimations are thrown out that unless that noisy infidel turns back he will one day feel prompted to turn in a very loud alarm of fire.

AN enterprising reporter in Troy wrote up a joke headed "A Run on a Troy Bank," it being an account of a foot-race on the bank of the river near Lansingburgh. The next day there was a run on the savings-bank to the extent of \$30,000 before the joke was discovered.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY OLNEY, who was congratulating himself on the vein of dogberry for having got rid of the "Baums" so easily and inexpensively is much cast down by the news that they will probably be extradited. They really feel quite blue in the District Attorney's office.

THE frankness of the far-Western newspapers is very beautiful. Here's an editorial paragraph from the Salem (Dakota) *Pioneer*: "We are compelled to place a lot of accounts in the hands of an attorney for collection, this week. Our creditors are pushing us and we must have money."

RICHEPIN, a French poet and Sarah Bernhardt's latest lover, has recently been pronounced insane. This proves that customs differ with localities. In this country the poets enjoy a perpetual mental picnic, while their readers become insane. Sarah's temper was probably the cause.

THE Egan, Dak., *Express* must be in a very bad way financially. Why, otherwise, this painfully direct appeal. "Reader, if you owe us a dollar or more, pay it now and help us out of a hard place." The distinguished editor of the Egan *Express* has our sympathy. If we owed him "a dollar or more" he should have that too.

THE young man who washes rollers and fails to see anything in journalism should look at Henry M. Stanley, late of the *New York Herald*. The other day he dined with Prince Bismarck, and discussed the subject of the Congo country, of which he appears to be the dictator. There's advancement for you.

MAYOR SAVAGE, on behalf of the City of Rahway, has sent an apology to Mayor Hanes, of Newark, for the assault that was committed upon him in the former city on Thanksgiving Day by a rough during an excursion of a rifle company. This pair of Mayors seems to go well in double harness.

THANKS to the POLICE GAZETTE, Superintendent Campbell, of Brooklyn, managed to arrest a couple of fugitive thieves from Pittsburgh. Their pictures gave them away the moment he set eyes on them. The POLICE GAZETTE is one of the most effective instruments of justice in the country.

SO great is the moral boom in Chicago, that a firm of tailors has offered, for a consideration, to clothe the nakedness of the animals in Lincoln Park. The kangaroo is expected to make an early appearance in a pair of dude breeches, and the giraffe have been measured for garotte collars.

THE reign of terror which Abe Buzzard and his gang maintain over Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, is a nice commentary on the power of the authorities. The notorious outlaw and his sons levy tribute on the farmers, steal their stock, and commit every depredation they choose without the slightest molestation. It's only Pennsylvania, however.

JUST before going to press we learn over the telephone that Peter Anderson fatally shot Tom Deavimport near Howell's X Roads; one is the son-in-law of the other, both colored. We don't know whether it is the father-in-law or son-in-law that carries the lead now. It is said that Thomas was plowing around the horse-lot of Peter.—*Society Column Cherokee (Ala.) Advertiser*.

IN Cambridge, Massachusetts, the village constable was strongly inclined to suspect foul play by the discovery of a bodyless head, raw and bleeding, in the ruins of a house. He was reassured by the suggestion of a bystander that the dead man was probably some crank who had only lost his head and had committed suicide elsewhere. This, too, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

THIS is a Salvation Army poster used at New London: "Hallo! who is this? Why, Kansas Jack, the saved desperado, who will swoop down on us and lasso as many of the devil's braves as possible. But who is this fellow? Captain Walsh, the converted minstrel, who will speak, play and sing for the glory of God and the good of your soul. The best thing out. Take it all in." Faugh!

THE well-behaved barber speaks when he is spoken to, agrees with you in politics and religion, has arrived at the same conclusion in regard to the weather, tells you that he sees a change for the better in your blood, is quite sure there are not as many gray hairs in your head as when he last combed it, and knows for a fact that there will be far less next time if you have your hair trimmed and shampooed.

THE scientists are always knocking out the poets, somehow. Prof. Swinhurst has just discovered that the lark, so far from being the typical early bird, is the very latest to rise in the morning, and that the crow and the quail are real early birds detailed to start the kitchen fire and take the early worm. These are on deck before anything except the owls, who do not deserve any credit, however, as they stay up all night.

A BRIDGEPORT, Conn., man agreed to eat two crows if Blaine was not elected, provided his opponent would shoot them. The victorious Democrat has now been ranging the country for six days, has expended \$5 worth of ammunition and \$126 worth of time, ruined a suit of clothes, got the rheumatism, is so tired and lame he can't sleep nights, and hasn't bagged a crow yet. The boys are beginning to think that the Blaine man has got the soft end of the contract.

NEBRASKA, according to the *Plattsmouth Journal*, must be a paradise for dime museum managers. Scribner has a calf which has the head and ears of a mule—evidently a muley; West Point has a pig with the head of a dog and the tail of a calf; the Utica calves commence maternity before they are a year old; Rising City has a pig with two mouths and three eyes; a North Loup lady has a pet alligator that works a corn-sheller; Louis Merchant, of York, has a cat which adopted five orphan rabbits of tender age; Tecumseh has a double pig of the Siamese twin pattern, and there is a pig with a trunk like an elephant at Bazile Mills.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Ed. Stokes. Hoffman House. Top of the heap.

John Splan will probably winter at Chicago. Gabe Case is just recovering from a bad cold.

Owney Geoghegan is flourishing in San Francisco.

B. J. Treacy refused \$5,000 for his seventeen-months-old colt Bermuda.

Harry Maynard, the boss "genial boniface" of San Francisco, is on his way East.

Mr. Arthur Magnus, the chief bookmaker in England, is in town. His winnings last year were \$75,000.

Hermon P. Butler, about Dec. 20, will start for his birthplace in New Hampshire to spend the holidays.

Maurice Daly is in doubt now whether or not there will be a contest this winter between him and Sexton.

Isaac Woodruff, after a busy season at Nashville, Tenn., training trotters and pacers, has returned to New York.

John Creahan, who some months ago shipped a table to Alexandria, Egypt, last week sold one to go to Spain.

Dan Mace took Fred. Archer out riding behind a pair of fast trotters recently. Archer has a valet, Solomon.

Henry C. Jewett, of Buffalo, will build a mile track and summer residence on his Kansas stock farm this winter.

P. Lorillard purchased three brood mares in Canada, recently—Evelyn Carter, Austrine and Wildbriar, all by Australian.

John Keane, who in Philadelphia, on Nov. 30, was stricken down with cerebral congestion, was able to go out on Dec. 7.

Jacob Schaefer arrived in Chicago Dec. 4, accompanied by Gus Newland. They may stop in that city for five or six weeks.

The mother of Lon Morris is to be tendered a benefit at Tremont Temple, Boston, Dec. 22. It will take the shape of a concert.

Mr. A. J. Downey, of this city, may be seen on the road behind the stallion Artillery, 2214. The horse is called Flying Artillery.

George Griffin is building a new half-mile track at Indian Lake, near Glens Falls, N. Y. He will hold trotting meetings next season.

Bastian, of Brentwood, Cal., proposes to ride on a bicycle from San Francisco to New York, and from New York to the City of Mexico.

Manager Mason's purposed trip to New Orleans, La., with a team representing the Athletics, of Philadelphia, has been postponed indefinitely.

Charlie Riley, the young jockey, has left the Preakness stable, with which he has been so long identified, and followed John Hyland to Fordham.

Walton, of East Boston, defeated Cole, of Haverhill, in a 3-mile race on roller-skates in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 4. Time, 13 minutes 12½ seconds.

C. H. Lowe ran 108 yards in 10 5-5 seconds, 120 yards in 12 3-5 seconds, and cleared 19 feet 5½ inches at the games of Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng., Nov. 24.

Councilman Wm. J. Kilduff, a well-known amateur sparer of Boston, Mass., and highly popular in sporting and political circles, died Dec. 7, after a brief illness.

In the third heat of the 2:26 class at Waco, Texas, the big George W. Davis stumbled and fell, and his driver, W. H. "Knapsack" McCarthy, was thrown out and slightly injured.

Pat Lyons, of Buffalo, bet his pacer against Mr. Moulton's trotter that Cleveland would be elected President, and consequently he holds the ribbons alternately behind two lively ones.

Louis Shaw is out in a challenge, dated Dec. 6, to play either Charles F. Campbell or Moses Yatter at straight-rail, for from \$100 to \$250 a side. Louis is where Yatter and Campbell are—in Boston.

Miss Carrie Gilmore, the expert female skater, and Wm. E. Livesey, also a power on wooden wheels, were united in marriage in Worcester, Mass., Dec. 2. The happy couple and D. J. Canary, bicyclist, will make a professional tour of the rinks this winter.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

A College of Theatrical Instruction, and Other Equally Valuable and Amusing Gossip.

Everybody, at some time or another, aspires to be an actor. Even Mr. Wallack's artists, in their very early youth, wanted and tried to act. The real primary school of the dramatic art is the nursery in which little girls play at being Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones, and go calling and shopping and otherwise give rein to their theatrical instincts. Some of them keep it up afterward and impersonate characters which they are not to the very latest day of their existence.

But it is a curious fact, evident to almost everybody who goes to the theatre nowadays, that the average actor hasn't the faintest idea how to act. He knows as much, indeed, about acting as the fabled mole does about astronomy. For example, he expresses his emotions by a regular code of signals set flying in his



The first shake.

face, his body, his arms and his legs. Sorrow requires one kind of grimace; joy is demonstrated by another. To flop violently on a marble-topped table and run one's fingers through one's hair is favorite and highly approved way of illustrating despair. Merriment is denoted by what is technically known as "a property laugh," and there are some authorities so practical and so mechanical that they recommend the chewing of soap and the biting of scenery as a proper and expressive device for showing passion and fury.

But all this, as it must be plain to the most benighted intellect, isn't acting.

Now, in this great, big, generous City of New York there resides a little group of men, so devoted to their fellow-creatures, so bent on promoting universal happiness and joy, so resolute to make lighter and gayer and more satisfied the hearts of all mankind, that they have actually determined to try and ameliorate



Learning how to sit down.

the woes of the theatre-goer and insure him a little brief pleasure once in awhile.

There are societies of the same kind, only rather more formally organized, to Prevent Vice and Protect Children and Prevent Cruelty to Animals. The association for the benefit of theatre-goers, however, hasn't been incorporated so thoroughly, nor does it put on such airs as its more pretentious rivals.

The first supposition entertained by a simple mind of the scope and aim of such a society would be that its main purpose would be the absolute abolition of the modern actor. That, though rather a sweeping measure, would, at all events, go right to the root of the calamity.

But the new corporation doesn't go in for such radical measures—at present. All that it proposes to do is to grapple with the obvious fact that the modern actor can't act—not even for sour apples—and in conse-



A lesson in mugging.

quence replace him with a lot of people who will at least have gone through some kind of technical apprenticeship before they inflict themselves upon the

long-suffering and patient, but, at last, resentful public.

The promoters of this great scheme of benevolence—and mutual profit—call themselves the Great American Star Foundry (Limited). The last word in their title



A little vocal culture.

is said to refer not to their intentions or to their ambition, but, strictly, to their cash capital.

Their project is beautiful, both in its simplicity and its symmetry. Recognizing the great fact that the "profession" is flooded with "artists" who can't get engagements on any terms, the G. A. S. offers, for the trifling sum of \$10 a week, to be paid for 150 weeks, to turn out twice as many applicants for the vacant positions which do not exist as are already howling and hungering for employment. In other words, the market being already glutted with "talent," this admirable enterprise intends to so overload it with unremuner-



The art of graceful motion.

ated and starving genius that it will finally sag and break down altogether. Then the actors who are on the stage and not acting will be forced into a war of mutual destruction with the would-be actors who think that they have learned to act, and who have, at all events, paid about \$1,000 per head to entertain that agreeable but injurious hallucination.

It is a deep-laid and downy scheme. It is, as well, on the \$10 a week basis, a very remunerative one.

The philanthropists who are doing this work in behalf of society, and since they are also members of society, in their own behalf as well, are already inundated by young men and women who eagerly pay \$10 a week apiece for the privilege of being conducted



A fair girl graduate.

through the front gate into the golden but ill-fed regions of the Dramatic Art—with a big D and a big A.

Every train from the South and the West brings in thousands of applicants for education in the Great American Star Foundry. Their admission depends upon two conditions only. There must be room for them in the "College" and there must be \$500 in cold cash, in what the faculty of the College calls their "kicks."

"No hoolie," says the iron monastic rule of the College (and we quote the very language of its professors), "no educashe."

The first examination is a very searching one. It is into the genuineness of the cash and checks produced by the candidates. Then the real work of tuition begins with an introduction to the President and his assistants. It is generally allowed that the privilege, or to be more accurate, the luxury of shaking hands with the President is worth the price of an entire year's schooling. He does it in so cordial and yet so stately a fashion that the neophytes go into ecstasies over the operation.

The next thing the pupil learns is the difficult art of sitting down in a chair. It is on this branch of the

subject that the President comes out heaviest. Sometimes the pupil comes down heavily also—particularly when, with a very dignified but graceful gesture, the President thoughtlessly removes the chair just as the pupil is going to sit down on it.

The third month is devoted to learning how to express joy, grief, surprise and indifference in three movements. Over these difficult branches the patience of the Professor as well as of the pupil is apt to get a little exhausted at times. They require a good deal of hard, wearisome labor, and the pupil frequently retires from his attempt with a bad backache.

For real energy and fun, one must attend the dancing classes of the College and see an ambitious young granger, fresh from the wilds of Kalamazoo or Saginaw, learning the chaste measures of the samband, the gay graces of the coranto, or the stately steps of the minuet.

He usually learns them on precisely the same system by which an organ-grinder's monkey is taught to gambol on his master's instrument.

There is a singing class attached to the College where young women with semi-practical designs are taught to cruise on the high C. A professor with a small but malignant fiddle gives them the key.

It is worth while mentioning the significant fact that in the immediate neighborhood of the College, the proprietors of extra large steam whistles are looked upon as public benefactors and frequently requested to "let her blow" all day long.

The ambulance system of this city is a great benefit to the College, and one of those usually ominous and depressing vehicles is to be constantly seen at the main entrance waiting for a graduate to be brought out after a good and sufficient course of "education."

At least once a week Bellevue Hospital is enriched by an "artist" who has broken down under the severe mental and physical strain of a term of special instruction under the auspices of the Great American Star Foundry (Limited).

Those who survive and who in the language of the faculty again "are tough enough to stand the racket" perish, eventually, of a still more terrible collapse.

They starve to death—"in the provinces," and are buried by heavy snowfalls on the margin of railroad tracks.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Arthur Wallack is writing a "sawcietty" play! "Oh! Lawd!"

Emma Abbott is still taking 'Gene Wetherill round the country.

Harriet Jay is going starring after all. She will find lots of other Jays on the road.

Eric Bayley is going to do the West, now. He has done the East more than Brown.

Robson and Crane are known as the Mahdis of the profession because their profits are all false.

Eliza Weathersby (Mrs. Nat. Goodwin) has been received with tumultuous applause on her return to the stage.

Russell Bassett has left the "Black Flag" Company rather than consent to a reduction of salary. Wise Russell.

When the Glee Club at John Norton's benefit, in San Francisco, sang, "Strike the Lyre!" Jim Morrissey fainted.

To judge from their appearance some of the so-called "dramatic weeklies" are not read even by their proof-readers.

Linda Dietz is another American who has had an elegant sufficiency of England and will hereafter reside on American soil.

The "rich American" to whom Alma Stuart Stanley was married in London turns out to be Dr. Garmo, the theatrical aghat. Ha! ha!

Jim Barton Key, with his Milan Opera Company, is having heaps of fun on West fighting deputy sheriffs and other minions of the law.

Eliza Moore has left the "Rag Baby" Company for good and sufficient reasons. The manager had the excommunicating gall to expect her to act.

Dying Boucicault closes his season in Toronto next week. His trip this season has been remarkable for its brevity and its want of profit.

Billy Florence, they say, has been speculating quite a good deal in Wall street. One would like to know what he has been speculating with.

Cazauran seems to be retired from the adapting desk of the Union Square. What his successor, Col. Milliken, amounts to is not very certain.

Alma Stuart Stanley is married and has brought her husband back with her to America. He is, deservedly, quite an interesting curiosity up town.

Rhea has made up her mind to "drop" her play of "Yvonne." It is a wretched failure and has done more to bury up her collapse than anything else.

Suffering Caesar! That mug of Brother Harris Rosenzweig-Lee in the *Skiper*! That nose! That beard! That under lip! Crikey! Oh! My! Gosh!

Frankie Kemble, really the cleverest soubrette on the stage, has rejoined El. Clayburgh's Creole Company. Francis is, profanely speaking, a cakewalk.

It is amusing to read the obituary notices written on Donald Harold, in view of the fact that Donald is alive and well and kicking—for a raise of salary.

Harry Miner's push and enthusiasm made the Actors' Fund benefit an immense pecuniary success. John Stetson's jealousy of him is almost comical.

Bandmann, the great German-American scene-bitter, is playing "Hamlet" at ten cents a head in the various dime museums of the country. This is about where Daniel belongs.

The first examination is a very searching one. It is into the genuineness of the cash and checks produced by the candidates. Then the real work of tuition begins with an introduction to the President and his assistants. It is generally allowed that the privilege, or to be more accurate, the luxury of shaking hands with the President is worth the price of an entire year's schooling. He does it in so cordial and yet so stately a fashion that the neophytes go into ecstasies over the operation.

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Dan Sully is coining money on the road. At Cleveland it was impossible for another person to be admitted into the house the second night after the doors had been opened a quarter of an hour.

Everybody who knows him will be delighted to learn that Alf. Trumble's new play, "Aunt Emily," has scored a tremendous hit in the hands of Rose Eytting. It will soon be played in New York.

One of the features of "Adonis" is Miss Amelia Somerville, who plays the "merry little mountain maid." She is the cleverest woman who ever understood the real meaning of the word "burlesque."

The actress model of the day is a lovely little creature with large dark eyes and a perfect form, who calls herself by the ugly and unromantic name of Lilia Blow. She has taken the place of Sadie Martinot and Odette Tyler.

Poor Dominick McCaffrey! A high-toned Indianapolis critic calls him a Thug! How about Gerold Eye, Gus Levick, Frank Mordant and the other "sluggers" of the "profession"? Dominick, at all events, fights fair.

Ebenezer Pympton gets \$275 a week for going on the stage seven times a week in "Lynwood." It is pleasant to know that \$300 a week would probably act as an inducement to Mr. Pympton to keep off the stage altogether.

Lester Wallack has composed a "nightingale polka" which his orchestra plays between the first and second acts of the "Bachelor of Arts." The symphony is regarded with some apprehension by the unfortunate man's family.

Another Henderson has gone on the stage. Miss Henrietta of that ilk, who *debuted* last season, this year is about to heighten the terrors of "Lynwood" by playing the comedy part of Mr. Tillotson's fearful and wonderful "play."

Nelson Decker is going to settle in England. His wife, Naid Almayne, has inherited a fortune, and the happy couple are going to live on it. Nelson is an exceptionally good fellow and nobody who knows him will grudge him his success.

One of the most extraordinary "misses" made by any newspaper lately was the *World's* first night cartoon. Not more than three of the alleged "first-nighters" are ever seen at any original production. On the other hand, such people as Stephen Fiske and the like were conspicuous by their absence.

Nice, dear, clever, clean little Minnie Madden, whom it takes no diamonds or fairy tales to advertise into a crank's paradise of imaginary prosperity, is catching on like a house afire. She is, by long odds, the most charming little actress on the American stage, and, best of all, the women idolize her.

Michael Heumann, the warm-hearted and energetic little gentleman who has built up the National theatre to a metropolitan eminence, sustained a severe loss last week in the death of his wife. As good and genuine a man at home, in his own household, as he is in public, Mr. Heumann feels the blow keenly.

It is reported that the friends of Miss Ida Johnson are raising a fund in San Francisco to help her recover some of the money she lost in John C. Freund's "True No'thing." Mr. Steele Mackay will be an important witness for Miss Johnson, as he acted as Mr. Freund's agent in the matter. It will be an interesting case as soon as the evidence comes in.

"Cast Iron Kelly" refused to pay any more rent for his Bijou Opera House *cafe* on the ground that he could not decide who was really landlord of the building. Miles & Barton promptly closed him out. It is hard to understand how Miles & Barton can be accused of poverty in view of the tremendous business they do every night.

Johnny Norton's benefit in St. Louis was a bumper, and, by the same token, the hit of the show was made by Kelly's new star, Grace Hawthorne, who showed that she was worth all the trouble. Kelly is taking in her behalf. Very few "flads," in theatrical parlance, deserve their "booms"—but Miss Hawthorne seems to be an exception to that mournful rule.

Ed. Davies, the famous ventriloquist, who is still in Adelaide, South Australia, and who calls his cottage on Sixth avenue Vox Villa, says that one of the best, the wryest shows ever seen in the colonies is the performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Theatre Royal, under the management of Allison and Rigold. Edward is a capital critic whose judgment is worth having.

The Mitchell-Madden company under Harry Webb's management opened to a tremendous house at the Club theatre in Philadelphia, and has been a huge "go" ever since. Webb, who is one of the shrewdest and cleverest "pushers" in the business, has arranged a new and original finale for his immense olio, which introduces Mitchell and Madden in full evening dress, which they exchange, in a flash, for full fighting togs. The whole show is the most successful attempt ever made to present athletic sports in the guise of a drawing-room entertainment.

Like Boston beans, the following communication speaks for itself:

WATKINS, Dec. 3.

Mr. — Dear Sir I saw an advertisement of yours in *Want of Some Ladies* or artist in the Show line I Never Was in the Show business but am willing to try & learn the business I am a good singer both in Balloons & Comic Songs and all so good player on organs or pianos if you can get me an engagement I will be very much obliged & will pay your fee for the same & all so will send you my picture when I hear from you Miss Helen Patterson.

Watkins eng.

The local reporter of the Carleton Place *Central Canadian* thus describes a local show: "The hall was comfortably filled Friday evening by an audience whose complexion was not nearly so numerically intellectual as the programme might predict. Miss — is on a social plateau to which many aspire but few reach, though they may faithfully use the alpenstock of resolve to cross the icy glaciers and deep crevasses to reach it. Her evening is therefore essentially for the *noblesse*, and those whose education and experience are passports into her intellectual environment. Outside of this only the plebeian pun and the street epigram, when these happen to fall from her, receive general appreciation. The lady is tall, stately, of graceful roundness, blonde and banded, of large fine mold, firm step, patrician mouth and nose and graceful and genial style."



THE THEATRE COMIQUE TERROR.

AN APPARENTLY FRIENDLY NEWFOUNDLAND DOG WHO RETURNED THE CARESSES OF JOHN SPARKS WITH A BITE.

Daniel H. Frohman.

The real original member of the celebrated Frohman family of managers is present, by his admirable portrait, in this week's POLICE GAZETTE. It is doubtful if the entire domain of theatricals contains a better known, or a more highly-esteemed personage than "Dan" Frohman, and this, too, in spite of the fact that he is a good deal this side of thirty-five. He began his career as a boy in the *Tribune* office, and soon became one of Horace Greeley's favorite clerks.

C. C. KENDALL,
THE WILY WIFE DESERTER.

He then, not being twenty-one years of age, was the publisher and business manager of John Russell Young's newspaper, the *Standard*. On the failure of that enterprise he became manager of Collender's Minstrels—his first theatrical experiment. In a very short time his genius—for such it undoubtedly is—attracted the attention of Col. "Jack" Haverly, whose factotum and general manager he remained for some time. He entered the service of the Madison Square theatre in a minor capacity with



NELLIE LANE.

ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE "SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON" COMPANY.

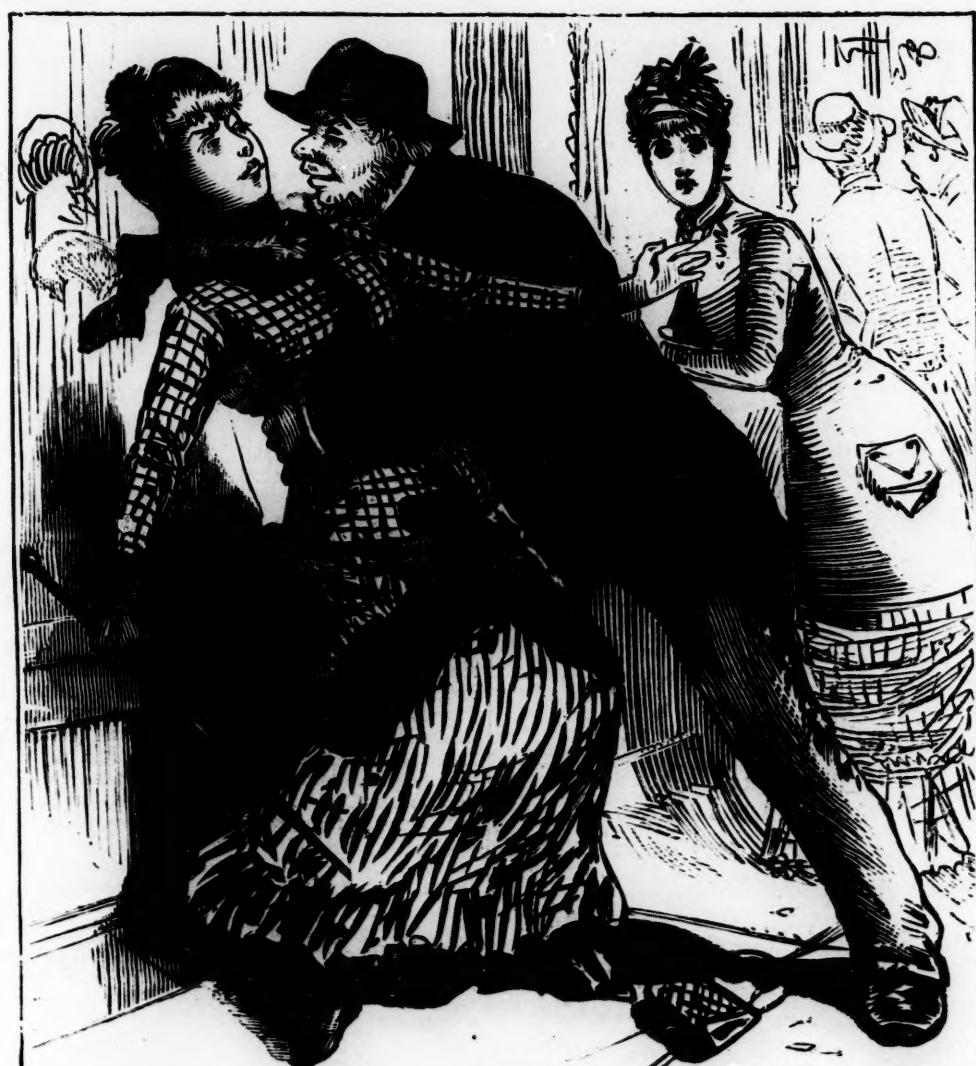
[Photo by Falk.]

Steele Mackaye, but in less than a year exercised complete control of it. His brains, his honesty and his wonderful system have made a fortune for the Mallorys, albeit his own profits have been in no degree commensurate either with his talent or his work. In private life he is an absolutely spotless, almost perfect man. His devotion to his family is returned by them with actual idolatry, and he deserves it.



DANIEL FROHMAN,

THE BRIGHT AND SUCCESSFUL THEATRICAL MANAGER,
[Photo by Falk.]



AN OSCULATORY LONG ISLANDER.

HIGH JINKS OF AN AMOROUS LONG ISLAND OYSTER-DEALER WHO INSISTS ON KISSING THE PRETTY GIRLS ON GRAND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



THE TESTIMONY OF A SHOE.

HOW A PRETTY WOMAN SOUGHT TO PROVE HER MARRIAGE BY SHOWING HER SHOE IN COURT AND THEREBY PROVING HER IDENTITY.

The Testimony of a Shoe.

"If you do not believe I'm married to that man there, look at the lining of my shoe."

The speaker was Mrs. Susan Tuttle, and "that man" was Arthur Tuttle, a stylish young man whose father is of the firm of Tuttle, Bailey & Co., of Williamsburgh.

Tuttle senior and junior live at 131 Lexington avenue, and they had Mrs. Tuttle, Jr., arrested for disorderly conduct. All were before Justice Powers the other day. Young Tuttle had denied that the woman was his wife, and this led to her exclamation.

"There, your Honor, that's my name on that lining, and my husband ordered the shoes for me."

"I'm not her husband," said the young man. "She came to our house last night and insisted that I go with her. I accompanied her, but left her on the street. Then she went back and raised a row."

"I left him some time ago," explained Mrs. Tuttle, "and intended to sue for a divorce. He persuaded me not to, promising to support me. He did not do so, and I called at his parents' home for him."

"We don't want to press the charge, your

Honor," said Tuttle, Sr.; "we can settle this out of court."

His Honor also thought they could, for he discharged the woman.

A Very Unique Wake.

A decidedly curious state of affairs was developed in a recent London inquest over the body of a woman who had died suddenly. Sergeant Keating stated that on the previous night, at the wake, nearly all in the house were drunk. The corpse was raised and sat up in the coffin, then the hands were kept in motion by

A WRONGED BROOKLYN WIFE TAKES THE LAW AND A COWHIDE INTO HER OWN HANDS AND EXECUTS VENGEANCE ON HER HUSBAND'S ALLEGED INAMORATA.

THE TESTIMONY OF A SHOE.

LASHED BY A WIFE.

A WRONGED BROOKLYN WIFE TAKES THE LAW AND A COWHIDE INTO HER OWN HANDS AND EXECUTS VENGEANCE ON HER HUSBAND'S ALLEGED INAMORATA.



A VERY UNIQUE WAKE.

REVOLTING PROCEEDINGS, AROUND A DEAD BODY, OF A PARTY OF INTOXICATED MEN AND WOMEN AT A WAKE IN DUBLIN, IRELAND.



JOHN H. DILLYN,

THE RAPIDLY-DEVELOPING CALIFORNIAN ACTOR AND BARITONE SINGER.

way of getting up a "Punch and Judy" entertainment, after which the corpse was laid back in the coffin, when it was hauled round the room until it fell out on the floor. The police eventually came in and dispersed the cheerful mourners.

Sullivan's Autograph.

A sensational account has appeared in the correspondence of one of the papers, regarding the laborious way in which John L. Sullivan wrote his autograph for a young lady who wanted it to sell at a fair. This story is evidently made out of whole cloth, or the Boston schools are not what they are said to be. The prize-fighter was a pupil in the Dwight grammar school in that city, and he probably learned to write his name in a manner that would not require the prodigious exertions which the correspondent refers to. Moreover, it is hardly to be believed that he is the ignoramus that he is represented to be by the same writer. The fact is, a great many people who write about prize-fighters and fighting know very little of the subject, and the average New York correspondent is a pretty unreliable bird, anyhow.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

The Beginning* and the End of the Intelligent Reporter, with Divers Other Things.

The Intelligent Reporter in this present year of Grace—no, not Grace yet, only Edison—is about as common and familiar a character as the "Genial Boniface," the "Gentlemanly and Accomplished Hotel Clerk," or the "beautiful and aristocratic young lady" who runs away with the family coachman. There have been a great many theories advanced to account for the Intelligent Reporter and his origin. No other phenomenon, except, it may be, a shower of



The Intelligent Reporter drops in on the "Chief."

"Small Toads," has been explained on so many different grounds as the origin of the Intelligent Reporter.

There are people, for instance, who honestly believe that Intelligent Reporters are expressly constructed and turned out to order for the use of newspapers, like presses and galleyes and stereotype plates and other things.

There are others who think, *per contra*, that there is no such creature, after all, as an Intelligent Reporter. Confronted with "interviews" and "special articles" and other apparent proofs of his existence, they may go so far as to admit the bare possibility of a reporter's existence—but not of an Intelligent Reporter, never!

To remove all doubt and confusion on this interesting subject, the POLICE GAZETTE has lately taken the



He makes the acquaintance of the City Editor.

pains to trace the natural history of the Intelligent Reporter—for, be it once and forever understood, there are Intelligent Reporters, and any quantity of them, too, if you listen to and take in all that you are likely to hear in half an hour at the bar of the Press Club.

The reporter of twenty years ago usually graduated "from case," was a meek and lowly compositor in early youth, a little prone, may be, to mixed ale, a trifle too eager for "fat," and sadly uncertain as to what to do with himself on a Saturday night. But he usually "knew beans," as the phrase goes, and only put on airs about as often as he did a clean shirt.

But the modern Intelligent Reporter comes from no such mean and ignoble source.

He is fresh—very fresh—from the graduating class



He interviews a prominent citizen.

of the Little Mawnee University of Lehigh Valley or thereabouts. He was the valedictorian of the year, and his oration is proudly and painfully remembered as the longest and largest-worded ever delivered in that famous institute of learning.

When he arrives in New York, being a scholar in

journalism, he takes a balloon and drops in, airily, on W'tless Scree, Esq., the gifted and corseted young editor of the *Trombone*, who was also a valedictorian thirty odd years ago and has never got over it.

The first malediction proposition of the Intelligent Re-



Whirling through space.

porter is a very modest and, withal, a very sweeping one. He expresses entire and cordial willingness to run the whole paper and "get up" every department thereof on his own solitary and unassorted (copy) hook.

With a pleasant smile such as that in which the pranksome crocodile indulges when about to swallow



A trifle broken up.

a more than ordinarily toothsome Egyptian, W'tless Scree, Esq., turns his young visitor over—to the City Editor.

There are three characteristics which make the City Editor alike famous and able.

He can chew more tobacco, carry more carmine at the end of his nose, and use stronger language and a more active blue pencil than another brand of editor.

The first job he gives the freshman-journalist is what is known in religious circles as a "pudding."

He sends him to interview "a prominent citizen."

The interview invariably takes place in a beer saloon, and the "prominent citizen" usually develops a

gent Reporter is a short-lived animal, as well as a singularly original and vivacious one.

The process of gravitation rapidly brings him nearer and nearer to the "Island"—that sanctuary of outraged virtue and poverty-stricken ill-health. A few friends drop in to see him as he feebly ebbs out of the great sea. Two or three kindly doctors—whom he used to paragraph—assuage his departing pains, and, in due time, the bulletin board of the Press Club is enriched by a fresh suggestion that its members shall forthwith, of their immense abundance, contribute something toward decently burying "our late brother," the Intelligent Reporter.

Alas! for the Intelligent Reporter.

FIRING THE FIREMAN.

John Shea, a dashing, fascinating fireman, attached to Engine Company No. 20, at No. 47 Marion street, was a prisoner at the Tombs, Nov. 20, on complaint of Policeman Peter J. Monahan, of the Mulberry street station. They both presented evidences of a desperate encounter having taken place. Shea's lips and nose were very much swollen and one of his eyes was discolored, while the policeman nursed a cut over his left eye and a sprained finger on his right hand. Policeman Monahan said:

"I have long suspected my wife of too much familiarity with other men. Friends would tell me about

Police! Fire!

her, and I believed them, but I wanted to catch her myself. My duties as police officer kept me away from home, and my friend, John McAdam, a bandleader, who lives at No. 59 Spring street (I live at No. 57), suggested that he would keep watch for me. When she left the house at 8 o'clock last night, he followed her. She met this man at the corner of Spring and Marion streets, by appointment, I presume, and they returned to the house. Little Sissey went out for beer for them several times, and about 9 o'clock she put the children to bed, and she and the fireman were alone. Last night I was on reserve duty at the station-house. My friend, McAdam, came for me about 1:30 o'clock this morning. McAdam said, 'We've got them at last.' I asked the sergeant to excuse me and obtained permission. On the way to the house McAdam asked me for my revolver.

"I'm doing this, Pete," he said, "for fear of bloodshed," and I handed him the weapon. We reached the house, cautiously went up the stairs to the first floor, and listened. My wife and a stranger were in the room. I could hear them calling each other endearing names and kissing rapturously. I couldn't restrain myself any longer. McAdam and I put our shoulders to the door and forced it open, and it was done so quickly that they hadn't time to escape. The shock kept me quiet for the instant, but the next moment I sprang forward and caught him by the throat. 'Say your prayers,' I gasped, and I began to choke him until he became black in the face. I would have killed him on the spot but for McAdam, who succeeded in pulling me away. I then threw a kettle at him, which struck him in the breast and he fell back on the lounge. During all this time my wife was clinging to me and carrying on, calling me her darling husband and pleading for forgiveness. She attempted to wind her arms around my neck, but I shoved her from me. Meanwhile the fireman was looking for his vest and coat, and found them, but as he tried to put them on I clutched him by the throat again and said: 'No you don't; you'll go with me just as you are to the station-house, and I got his head under my arm and gave him a thumping. Policeman Maynard, who was on post, heard the noise and came in. On my complaint he arrested this man. Maynard allowed him to dress himself.'

The statement created a sensation. Justice White, who was acquainted with the previous troubles between Monahan and his wife, said sympathetically to him:

"I would like to hold this man for you, but I don't see on what charge he can be held."

THAT DREADFUL BOA.

It is generally supposed that men have a monopoly of "seeing snakes." A visit to the Central Park last week would have shown the absurdity of this suppo-



The end.

thirst for the amber fluid which both appalls and subsequently bankrupts the Intelligent Reporter very early in the game.

In the course of a year or two, so keen has become the intelligence of the Intelligent Reporter, and so proudly averse has he grown to the humdrum routine of a regular connect on with one particular newspaper, that he makes up his mind to become a sort of journalistic comet, and whirl through space on his own account.

He whirls—for a brief period.

It is astonishing how soon he loses his ambition and his appetite—for everything but beer—the moment he becomes "an outsider."

The deadly free lunch and the noxious airs of his bedchamber—a reserved seat on Union Square, generally—are not slow in reminding him that the Intelli-

constrictor, and all those females who, either as guardians of small children or as lovers of the beautiful in nature, visit the park on Sundays had evidently read these reports.

Said a venerable park policeman to a reporter: "I never seed such a day as this has been among the women folks. I mind the time a tale was printed about the escape of all the animals. There wasn't a woman in the park to bliss herself for three days after, and it's to my thinking there'll be precious few of the sex hereabouts for the next two or three days or likewise till they know positive that there ain't any snakes in the woods. Faith, Tim Garrity and myself were running a bit of hose across the Mall this morning just to straighten the hose out when there came such a screeching and a hullabaloo as ye never saw. 'What's the matter?' sez Tim. 'Faith, I don't know,' sez I, for the women were running in all directions. 'Have after them, Tim,' sez I, and we gave 'em chase. 'Twas myself that overhauled one of 'em who had fallen tired upon a bench. 'What is it?' sez I.

"The snake,' sez she.

"What snake?" sez I.

"The boy-constrictor,' sez she. Would you believe it, they'd taken that bit of lawn hose which Tim and I was a straightening out for a boy-constrictor, and the devil the man of us could convince 'em it wasn't a snake."

A BOSTONIAN IN LUCK.

Mr. Thomas Mulhern keeps a small saloon at 202½ Washington street, where he does a snug little business. He now comes into public notice as a winner of \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery. Some time ago this gentleman, who has made several investments of this nature, purchased one-fifth of ticket number 63,990, for which he paid one dollar. The drawing took place Nov. 11, and it was found that 63,990 had taken the capital prize of \$75,000. On Nov. 23, Mr. Mulhern received his \$15,000 from New Orleans, through the Adams Express Company.

He was seen at his place of business last evening. While naturally gratified at his good fortune he is not unduly elated, and does not propose to launch into startling extravagances or speculations on account of his sudden possession of wealth. He sees "various channels" in which it may be made useful. Probably it will.

"Were you surprised at your luck?" asked the interviewer.

"Well, not enough to get broken up over it," was the reply. "I was prepared to win or to lose. As I had risked a dollar only, I did not worry much while waiting for the verdict. Certainly I was not troubled with sleeplessness, but I knew that fate was as liable to me as the next man."

"Have you purchased tickets previous to this time?"

"Yes, a number of times."

"Would it be too great a liberty to ask how you are going to place this 'pile'?"

"Probably I shall invest it in such a way that I shall have something laid away for a rainy day."

"Shall you continue in business?"

"Oh, yes; wealth has not turned my head to that extent."

Mr. Mulhern has been in this country some fifteen years or more, a greater part of the time being employed by various parties in his line of trade. Two or three years since he "set up" for himself. He has been at his present stand about a year and a half.—*Boston (Mass.) Star*, Dec. 6.

AN OSULLOCY LONG ISLANDER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Adams, of East Flily-ninth street, was standing in front of Lichtenstein's store in Grand street when Smith Pearsall, a forty one-year-old oyster dealer of Amityville, L. I., put his arms around her waist and endeavored to kiss her. She screamed, and he released his hold and darted away. In front of Ridley's store he again approached her, and his conduct was shameful. Several ladies accompanied Miss Adams into Ridley's store and informed the superintendent of the man's acts. The superintendent notified Special Officer Smock, of the Tenth precinct, who arrested the man while having his arms around another woman's waist. The crowd about the woman was so great that she was not aware of the outrage. She became very indignant when told, and attacked the man with an umbrella. Other ladies also crowded about him, denouncing him bitterly, when the officer haled a passing car and took his prisoner to court.

"Are you tired of making love to your wife, that you bankrupt her other women?" asked Justice Duffy.

"Oh, for God's sake, Judge, let me go! The disgrace will kill me. I have never been in such a position before. The shame; oh, the shame! It will kill me!"

The man sobbed aloud.

"You should have thought of that before," remarked the Justice.

"I didn't know what I was doing," he answered in a bewildered manner. "I don't know what brought me to Grand street. I came from Amityville to buy a fresh load of oysters. After that everything is a blank."

Justice Duffy committed the man to the Island for three months in default of \$500 bail.

JAMES O. HERN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

James O. Hern was born in the First ward of this city, in 1868, and is in his seventeenth year. He won a pair of silver cake-baskets at Ward's Opera House, Newark, N. J., in 1873. Danced against fifteen of the best dancers in the country at Billy Barry's benefit at Tony Pastor's, on Broadway, and won the cup which was presented by Mr. Barry. Won a silver castor at Murphy & Shannon's benefit against ten competitors at the Volk's Garden in 1878. Won a silver pitcher at a clog contest held at Ward's Opera House against seventeen competitors, in 1879, and was presented by Mr. Ward with a silver belt, inlaid with precious stones, as an emblem of the championship. Also won silver trophy at the Jersey City Opera House in 1880. May 15th, this year, danced Mr. James Martin for the championship, at Dan Colver's benefit, and claims that he was unjustly deprived of the laurels through the decision of the referee amid the protestations of the two judges. He is ready to meet Mr. Martin and all comers for any amount, and can be heard from at this office.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE, is a superior substitute, and its use is positively beneficial to health.

station. There were in the papers on Sunday and the day before more or less authentic reports of the escape from its presumably secure lair of a genuine boa.



That awful boa!

A DARK MYSTERY.

Discovery of the Remains of an Unknown Woman in a Disused Cellar.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the strange and startling mysteries which sometimes come to horrify the dwellers in great cities was unearthed at the old Carleton House on the evening of the 2d inst.

In the western division of the great sub-cellars under the Carleton House, which is at the northeast corner of Frankfort and William streets, is an immense heap of coal ashes and rubbish, which has been collecting for more years than anybody about the hotel at present knows. This division of the sub-cellars is about ninety feet long north and south along William street and about twenty feet wide. The ashes lay along the division wall on the east side of this part of the cellar. It is said that the Board of Health ordered Mr. Wm. M. Doyle, the proprietor of the hotel, to have the ashes and rubbish removed. Mr. John A. Hayes, of 73 Division street, had the contract to remove them, and had leased the cellar, which he intended to sublet as a storehouse.

Under his direction Edward Hullsdorf, Charles Wilson and Thomas Bennett were at work in the big dark hole on the afternoon of the 2d inst. shoveling the ashes into baskets. They worked by candle-light. The pile of ashes was sixty feet long. They had worked down from the north end of it to about forty-five feet north of Frankfort street, when at 5 o'clock Hullsdorf struck his shovel into the side of the pile near the top and next the division wall, and uncovered a woman's foot with a stocking on it. The stocking was cotton, with blue and red stripes. The men stopped digging at once, brought the candle closer to see what they had found, and then ran out and notified the Oak street police and the coroner.

In a few minutes five policemen were in the great musty cellar. They brought a stretcher and laid it down at the foot of the ash heap, and two policemen took the shovels while the others held the lights. The ashes were shoveled away from the side of what bore little resemblance to a human body. It lay along the wall, the head to the south. A fragment about 14 inches by 12 of flagstone lay on the chest and close up, against the chin. It was lifted up and thrown to one side. A cobble-stone lay over the face, which appeared to be closely wrapped in cloth.

The body lay on its back, the head buried eighteen inches below the ashes, cinders and rubbish. The foot had been only about six inches from the surface. The left hand and arm lay over the chest under the flagstone. The remains of the right arm lay by the side. The left leg was stretched out to the full, and the stocking foot belonged to it. The other leg was drawn up, and part of the foot was missing. The whole was dry, and faded cloth, bones, withered flesh and ashes were inextricably pressed together.

Of course, the discovery of these ghastly remains created a great excitement. The most sensational stories were set afloat and several supposed clews followed, but the identity of the remains has not been established, and they were buried in Potter's Field, unrecognized.

A LIVELY GOAT LARK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Excited soprano cries for "Help! Help!" awoke the majority of the residents of Electric avenue, in the pretty town of New Brighton, Staten Island, one night recently.

The gallant gentlemen of the aristocratic village could not resist the appeal, even though vexed at being aroused from their early slumbers. Young men and middle-aged men rushed from their homes in various stages of undress as the shrieks redoubled and gave notice that the lady's distress called for immediate action of relief.

The moon peeped over Pavilion Hill and guided the way in conjunction with the voice to the grounds near the Electric Social Club House, a little distance up the avenue.

On arriving at the scene of the disturbance the aroused citizens were somewhat staggered to find a young lady locked in the embrace of the ample horns of a huge goat. She was recognized as one of the society stars of the Island, her figure on horseback, surrounded by an escort, being a feature every pleasant day on the smooth roads on the northern shore.

Looking on, holding their sides with laughter, stood a group of young ladies and gentlemen cracking jokes at the expense of the unhappy maiden, who was being unmercifully squeezed by the goat. She could not see the comical feature and begged her friends to call off the goat. They paid no attention to her prayers, but laughed the harder.

The piteous appeals awakened a sympathetic feeling in the hearts of the new-comers, however, and they rushed to relieve the lady from her too attentive companion. The goat refused to let go until one man, who had armed himself with a picket from a neighboring fence, belabored the animal.

LASHED BY A WIFE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"I've caught you, have I?" said a very nicely-dressed young woman, one morning, recently, to a female who was apparently somewhat her junior, upon the bow of a Fulton ferry-boat. "I've been traveling across the river every night for a week with the hope of meeting you. I'll teach you to take a married man away from his family."

There were but few other passengers on the boat save the two women, but the angry voice drew most of the inmates of the cabin outside.

"I know just where you have been," the angry woman continued, "as I shadowed you and Charlie at the theatre, and after I get through with you I'm going back to New York to wait for my husband. I know that he was afraid to come over in the same boat with you, and that he stepped into a Fulton street restaurant. I'll settle with him after I get through with you."

"I don't know your husband, and I don't know you," stammered out the attacked woman.

This denial only made the indignant wife more angry. Stamping her well-formed foot upon the deck she opened her handsome dolman and drew a cowhide whip.

"You don't know my husband, don't you?" the irate

wife exclaimed, sarcastically. "I'll give you something to remember him and myself by."

Swish went the whip over the head of the badly scared lady. The blow fell upon the woman's hat and completely demolished a handsome bird that sat upon her fashionable head-gear. The whip was raised again just as the assaulted person started to run into the ladies' cabin, but a middle-aged gentleman placed himself between the excited wife and her victim.

LOVE AND A PISTOL.

A Desperate and Unrequited Lover Shoots Himself in a Cincinnati Court.

Leo Heller, a blacksmith, twenty-three years of age, a German seven years in this country, met Katie Imm, a bright, beautiful German girl, two months ago and fell desperately in love with her. Katie was three years his junior. She had many admirers, but none so incurably devoted to her as Leo Heller. His robust passion and his unwearied attentions first became wearisome, and finally loathsome, to Katie. She tried mild means to jilt Leo, but they failed. She then resorted to strategy, and told him when he wanted her to go out with him last Thanksgiving that she did not intend to go anywhere on that occasion, but meant to spend Thanksgiving at home. Katie has been an employee at French's boarding-house, Cincinnati, where she met Heller.

There was a masquerade ball at Melodeon Hall on Thanksgiving night, and that was where Heller wanted to take Katie. Heller went to the ball without Katie, and at the unmasking, when the midnight hour arrived, Heller, with surprise and horror, gazed on Katie's smiling face by his side. She had come there unattended to astonish him, as she had done many times before. She had repented of her rebuff and was there to make up. Katie says herself that their quarrels were frequent, but they always made up. This time was an exception. Heller was enraged and he ordered her to go home. Then she became stubborn and sullen, refusing to either speak to him or obey him. The next day he accused Katie of going to the ball to meet some one else. Every day after that he called on Katie and upbraided her. On Dec. 3 he exhibited a pistol and threatened to kill her. Mr. French then discharged her. She immediately swore out a warrant before Squire Samuel H. Downing, charging Leo with threatening personal violence, and asking that he be bound over to keep the peace.

On the evening of the 5th, in the Squire's court, while seated a short distance from Heller, Katie was startled by Heller and Squire Downing arising almost simultaneously, Heller drawing a pistol and advancing toward Katie, shouting:

"I'll give you satisfaction!"

Squire Downing cried:

"Stop! stop!" and interposed his body between Katie and the murderous weapon. Then followed a brief struggle between the Squire and the sturdy young blacksmith, ending with a report of the pistol, a puff of smoke and the form of young Heller stretched out on the floor. He had put a bullet through his heart, and five minutes later was growing cold. All the while Katie sat motionless and seemingly emotionless. She waited till the dead body was carried away, and then, at the beck of a friend, silently left the court-room.

SPORT IN THE WINTRY SEASON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There has been some lively racing at Brighton Beach lately, far advanced as the season is, and the attendance has been quite large. Sometimes the races have been run in the rain, and, not unfrequently, there has been a dash of snow to add variety to the scene. Jack Dempsey had an amusing adventure last week, when he was mistaken for a countryman and permitted himself to be very nicely "worked." After he had had all the sport he wanted he wound up by knocking out the steerer in a friendly bout with the gloves. A novel event occurred at St. Paul, Minn., last week, when an exciting match took place between two female wrestlers. In a match at Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 4, Dennis Butler knocked out James McDevitt, of Bridgesburg, Pa. Two new and famous Japanese wrestlers arrived in the city last week, and our artist represents them discussing their prospects in the New World.

C. C. KENDALL.

[With Portrait.]

On July 15, 1882, C. C. Kendall, of North Bend, Neb., deserted his wife, taking with him \$20,000. His wife, a beautiful and accomplished lady, has vainly sought to bring him back. Last October she learned that he was boarding with Mr. Sayre, at No. 49 Broad street, and on visiting that house she was told that he was book-keeper for the Sargent Manufacturing Company. She called at that office and asked for him, but as soon as he heard her name he threw up his situation, hastened to his boarding-house, packed his trunk and left town. Mrs. Kendall returned to her Nebraska home, and has given up further search for her faithless spouse.

AMONG THE GALLERY GODS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

What the pit is to the London theatre the gallery is to the theatre of America. It invariably contains the actor's severest critics, as well as his most ardent admirers, and the study of a gallery audience affords the contemplation of many varied types of character. It is a good-natured audience, when it is pleased, and emphatic in expressing its disapproval when it is disatisfied. Our artist has succeeded admirably in depicting the various types, and his "gallery gods" are unmistakable first-nighters.

SPOT.

[With Portrait.]

Spot, the champion 17-pound dog of Wisconsin, is owned by John Hager and Louis Holzauer. He is three years old, and has fought four battles and lost none. There is a standing challenge of \$200 in Mr. Holzauer's hands. The last battle the dog Spot had was about two weeks ago, seven miles outside of Rochester, N.Y., for \$200 a side, which he won.

JOHN B. DYLLYN.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. John B. Dyllyn, whose magnificent baritone voice lately delighted large audiences at Koster & Bial's, and who is at present, for the second year, a member of the "Nobody's Claim" Company, was born in Brooklyn and made his debut in California. He is a rapidly developing artist.

A MODERN EUGENE ARAM.

Sensational Trial of the Bellamy Cave Murderers in Tennessee.

Great excitement has prevailed in and around Clarksville, Tenn., on account of the trial at that place of Ransom Morrow, William Morrow, Charles Morrow and Dr. Peter F. Bellamy, on the charge of having participated in a number of murders in Montgomery county within the past fifteen years. The defendants were arrested last June, since which time they have been confined in jail and closely guarded, in order to prevent their being either rescued or mobbed. Much difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury, and it was not until panel after panel had been called that both the prosecution and defense agreed upon twelve good men with whom they were willing to proceed. The ablest lawyers in the country appeared on the part of the State and the deceased, and every point was closely contested. Ransom Morrow, father of the two prisoners of the same name, is over sixty-six years old, very fine in appearance, dressed in plain manner and has keen gray eyes with a hard glare. He has been for many years one of the leading members of Wiley Baptist chapel, in the Ninth district, where he has a large mansion and a fine farm. William Morrow is thirty-five years old, tall, heavy-built and has dull gray eyes. Charles Morrow is twenty-four years of age, and bears a close resemblance to his father. Dr. Bellamy, son-in-law of Ransom Morrow, is good-looking, and is the son of Rev. Jesse Bellamy, D. D., who, during his lifetime, was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens of Montgomery county.

Bellamy's Cave, the scene of the crimes with the commission of which the four men are charged, is really as large as the famous Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and lies near the homes of the accused. The entrance is very narrow, and the now-noted hole has never been explored further than two miles. At the right side of the entrance is a slide, running a long distance and having at the end a deep, wide chasm. There are various chambers in the cave, in one of which were found the dead and putrid body of one of the alleged victims, and the bones of others who, it is supposed, were killed and placed there by the lawless band. It is thought that, besides the men whose remains were discovered in the chamber, there were more murdered, whose bodies were shut out of human sight forever by being thrown down the very steep glides referred to above. Passage through the cave is so exceedingly difficult and dangerous that very few persons have ever journeyed through it, and it was not until the Morrows and Bellamy were taken into custody that a careful examination was made, this being under the direction of officers of the law.

The investigation was made at the instance of the Attorney General, whose first information was obtained from J. W. Facer, who declared that he had left the country because he knew too much about the Morrows and it was unsafe for him to remain. It is charged that James Brown, colored, was shot and killed by Wm. Morrow and Dr. Bellamy, and his body burned to conceal the crime. Dr. Bellamy was soon arrested, tried and acquitted of the deed. It is also charged that an old man named Slight and his son, Thomas J. Slight, were killed by the band. An explanation of the death of the latter was made by the party, they claiming that he was accidentally shot while hunting with Ben Morrow, who afterward left the country. The murder of Dick Overton, colored, is also laid at their door. It was shown at the preliminary examination that Ransom Morrow owed Overton \$20, and paid only one-sixth of the amount. Overton suddenly disappeared, and the Morrows stated that he had gone to Alabama. Search being made, a corpse, identified by several persons as that of Overton, was found in the cave. It had been placed on the slides, but the coat worn by the deceased had caught on the edge of the chasm. The defendants are also charged with arson and robbery.

A VIRGINIA SENSATION.

A Marriage Ceremony Rehearsed, but the Intended Bride Elopés.

On Tuesday night, Nov. 25, Chief of Police Waters of Staunton, Va., received a telegram from ex-Mayor W. T. Jewell of Lexington, requesting him to stop his daughter, Miss Allie M. Jewell, who had left that town accompanied by two young gentlemen in a carriage. Later in the evening Chief Waters received another telegram from the same gentleman, saying:

"Do not stop them: let them go."

He then paid no further official attention to the matter. About 2 o'clock Wednesday morning a carriage drove up to the Virginia Hotel, and a very pretty blonde got out, escorted by two gentlemen, both young and fine-looking. The lady was registered as Miss Allie M. Paul, and the gentlemen registered as L. B. Powell and S. C. Paul. The young lady went to her room, and after awhile the young men went to their room. In the morning the travelers were called for the Valley train and left for Hagerstown, Md., where Miss Allie M. Jewell was married to Mr. Powell, who was a student at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, and is from New Madrid, Missouri.

While all this was going on the Episcopal church at Lexington was standing decorated with flowers and evergreens for the marriage there on Wednesday night of Miss Jewell and Mr. Carlisle, of California, a former cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, and at which Mr. E. A. Sturgis, of Texas, was to have been Mr. Carlisle's best man instead of Mr. Powell as published elsewhere.

On Monday night Mr. Carlisle (who had arrived from California two weeks ago for the wedding), Miss Jewell and Mr. Sturgis and other groomsmen and bridesmaids went to the church and rehearsed the exits, entrances, etc., of the ceremony. On Tuesday night at 6 o'clock Miss Jewell and Mr. Carlisle went to supper together, and after supper they sat in the parlor about 20 minutes, when Miss Jewell left the room, and returning very shortly mentioned to Mr. Carlisle that word had been sent him by Mr. Sturgis that he wished to see him. Mr. Carlisle, not thinking anything wrong, put on his hat and went down to see what was wanted. On leaving he said to Miss Jewell:

"I will be gone a minute; will you be here when I return?"

She replied: "Yes." Just as Mr. Carlisle was going she called him back and kissed him, saying: "Hurry back."

Mr. Carlisle did not remain at the store a minute. Returning, he walked into the parlor. Miss Jewell had gone. Mr. Carlisle, going to her father, asked where she was, he not knowing, then asked her

mother and her maid. Both of them not knowing, became very much excited over her disappearance. At 7 o'clock Miss Jewell and Mr. Powell eloped, she leaving all her clothing, wedding presents, given to her by numerous friends, and some very costly jewels from Mr. Carlisle. It is said Miss Jewell was engaged to Mr. Powell before she was to Mr. Carlisle, but it is contradicted. The groom is only eighteen years old. The bride had just reached her twentieth birthday.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE TERROR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One night last week as John Sparks, a member of the Theatre Comique company, was going through the alleyway leading to the stage door he was bitten by a large Newfoundland dog.

"I never saw such a vicious dog," said Mr. Sparks to a POLICE GAZETTE reporter. "Most dogs will give you some warning, but he seemed so playful I stooped down to pet him, when he never growled a bit, but made one spring and fastened his paws and jaws right on my face."

"Well, he will never bite anybody else now."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Charles J. Gould. "The whole company armed themselves with revolvers after the performance, without waiting to wash up or dress, and made a raid on the dog. Harry Fisher, of the Investigating Committee, held the lantern and William Harrington fired the first shot. He must have shot his collar off, for the dog broke loose, and ran down toward the Broadway gate. Then a volley was fired from five or six revolvers and somebody shouted, 'Here he comes!'

"The light went out and everybody broke for the door leading into the theatre. The dog followed, and the mob scattered over the theatre. I rushed for one of the boxes and closed the door. The lamp was lighted again, and as I was feeling pretty safe I looked around for the dog and commenced laughing at the Investigating Committee.

"Just then I saw the dog running up the aisle from the orchestra, and I yelled, 'There he goes; head him off and give him another load!' I had hardly said it before the dog turned around and sprang into the box alongside of me. You bet I didn't laugh any more. I slid out of the box hand over fist and skinned out through the musicians' hole."

"The dog ran out through the front into Broadway," said Mr. Stout, "and the whole mob followed, joined by a hundred people on the street shouting: 'Mad dog! mad dog!' and he hasn't been seen or heard of since."

SAM'L OF POSEN ON HIS MUSCLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

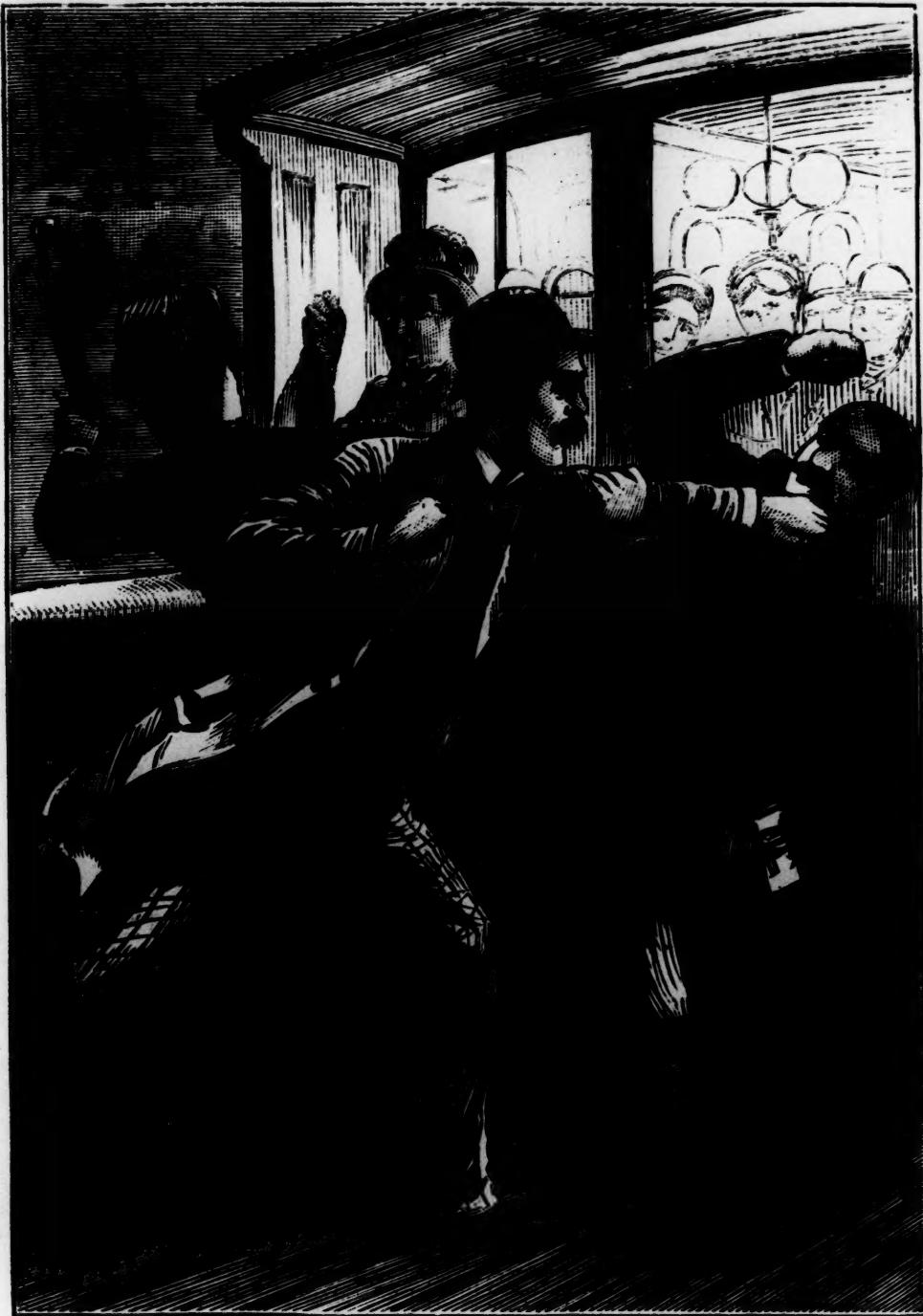
M. B. Curtis and his company were playing "Spot Cash" at the Park theatre in Newark last week. In the company were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Edmonds. The former plays the robust Jerome, and his wife portrayed the character of Rebecca. On Friday night Mrs. Edmonds stood in the wings during the second act in conversation with one of the company. Her tones, it is said, were a little louder than the stage manager thought advisable, and he cautioned her to keep quiet. It is alleged that she would not be still. Curtis then ordered her to be silent, whereupon, it is said, she became greatly excited, making a noise that could be plainly heard at the front rows. F. O. Savage, who fills the part of the "bartender," attempted to pacify her, whereupon, it is alleged, she scratched his face.

After the performance on Saturday night Curtis discharged Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds. The whole company started for this city on the 10.50 train, and when the members boarded the ferry-boat Curtis went out on the forward deck. Mr. Edmonds followed him and accused him of unfairness in discharging him. To this Curtis made some retort, and both men, it is said, struck at each other. Mrs. Edmonds is said to have joined in the *melee* by pounding "Sam'l of Posen" on the back of the head. This was a signal for Mrs. Curtis to take a hand in, and then, according to report, the two women were engaged in pulling hair and scratching each other's faces.

The battle was short and severe, so that when the boat reached this side both sides were clinging to the railing panting for breath.

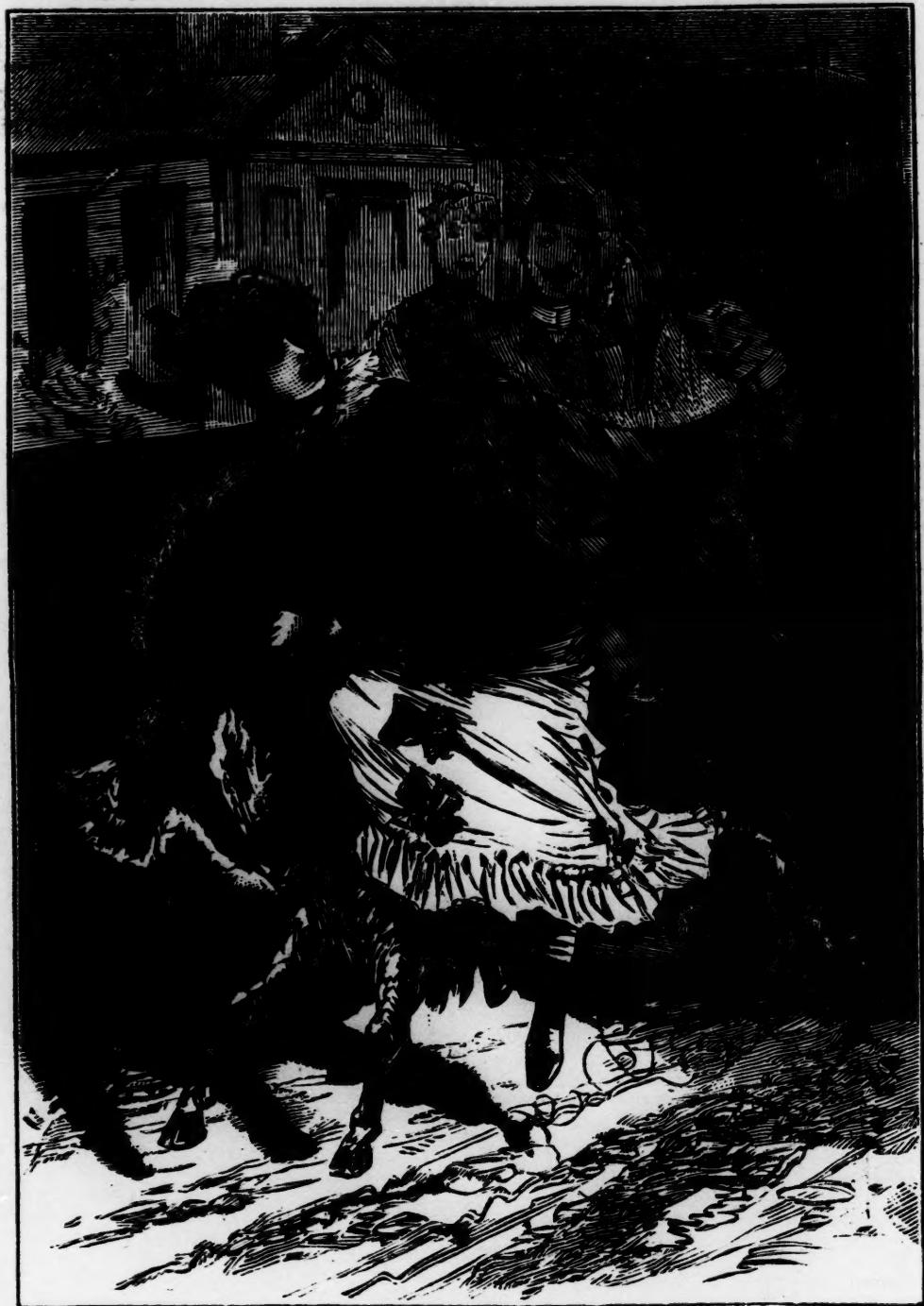
A MASHER OF HER OWN SEX.

[Subject of Illustration.]</div



SAM'L OF POSEN ON HIS MUSCLE.

M. B. CURTIS HAS A SCRIMMAGE WITH ONE OF HIS ACTORS ON A JERSEY CITY FERRY-BOAT, AND SUCCEEDS IN KNOCKING HIM OUT PRETTY BADLY.



A LIVELY GOAT LARK.

SOME FRISKY STATEN ISLAND GIRLS HAVE MORE FUN THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR IN RIDING A LIVELY AND PROLIFIC SPECIMEN OF THE GOAT SPECIES.



THE DARK MYSTERY AT THE CARLETON HOUSE.

AFFRIGHTED WORKMEN DISCOVER THE REMAINS OF AN UNKNOWN WOMAN AMID THE RUBBISH IN THE DISUSED CELLAR OF THE OLD CARLETON HOUSE.



SPORT IN THE WINTRY SEASON.

I.—Racing in the Sleet at Brighton Beach. II.—The Female Wrestling Match at St. Paul, Minn. III.—Jack Dempsey Takes and Gives a Lesson in Boxing. IV.—Dennis Butler Knocks Out James McDevitt at Clark's Club Theatre, Philadelphia. V.—Newly-Arrived Japanese Wrestlers Discussing Their Prospects.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Impending Match Between Weeden and Maloney, and Other Gossip of the Ring.

The fight between Patsy Leonard and James Ryan, which was to have taken place at Philadelphia, was postponed.

Recently C. A. C. Smith, the colored boxer, knocked out Ed. McKeown, a local pugilist, in two rounds, in Winnipeg, Man.

Jack McAuley and Charley Jones fought recently at San Francisco. After twenty-one rounds had been fought McAuley won.

At Stratford, Eng., recently, Ben Lartsey defeated Tom Lamb according to London prize ring rules. The battle lasted 70 minutes, when Lartsey put Lamb to sleep.

Harry Maynard, the well-known pugilist and boniface of the sporting palaces 43 Pine-street and 116 Dupont street, San Francisco, is coming to New York on a visit.

Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the well-known pugilists, of this city, arrived at New Orleans, La., on Dec. 9, to fill an engagement at the Park theatre in that city.

Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish athlete, of 103 Bowery, has a letter that he is able to beat any pugilist in America, bar John L. Sullivan, as he is ready to arrange a match.

John J. Murphy, the stalwart Fourth ward boxer, well known in sporting circles, will be tendered a benefit at Mike Cleary's sporting palace, 270 Bowery, on Monday, Dec. 22.

John Dempsey is matched to fight an Unknown, not to exceed 145 pounds, with gloves, to a finish. John H. Clark is to bid the Unknown. The contest is to be decided on Jan. 7.

It is reported that Joe Pendragast and Jake Kilrain have been matched to fight within 100 miles of New Orleans in February, for \$1,000 a side, according to London prize ring rules.

The renowned retired champion of the world, Jim Marx, and his cousin, Patsy, have been giving nightly their scientific boxing displays at the Varieties, Brigadoon, Leeds, to crowded houses.

Jim Burns, the pugilist, of Rochester, N. Y., laid out Andre Christol, the wrestler, at Buffalo recently. Christol and Burns had a dispute, when Burns knocked him down and kicked him until Christol was insensible.

Tom Allen, the clever light-weight boxer, has twice and again bothered Steve Taylor to set-to with him. At Harry Hill's, on Dec. 4, Taylor set-to with Allen, and judging from the affair Allen will in future give Taylor a rest.

Tom Kelly would have defeated Billy Manning in a hard-glove contest, Quinceberry rules, at San Francisco, recently, but he struck Manning a foul blow three times during the second round, and Manning was declared the winner.

Recently, at Birmingham, England, James Walden, the champion light-weight pugilist of Brumazza, defeated Frank Murray, of London, according to the London prize rules, after a desperate battle, which lasted 1 hour and 45 minutes.

A prize fight has been arranged at St. Louis between Ben Jarvis, the Dudley Boy, and Harry Easthope, alias The Chicken. The pugilists are to fight on Dec. 27 for \$250 a side, near St. Louis, with gloves, according to Quinceberry rules.

D. A. McDonald, who trained Cleow for his match with Dan, recently met Prof. Donaldson, the heavy-weight of Minneapolis, in four rounds, at Butte City, Donaldson having advertised to "stop all comers or forfeit \$100." McDonald won the \$100.

Ed. Wilson, the old-time pugilist, was charged with assault and battery in New York. His wife is the complainant, and believes her husband is insane. His pugilistic career is chronicled as having fought Harry O'Brien and Con. Fitzgerald.

Springhall, the pugilist, who will shortly arrive on these shores, is the 11-stone (151-pound) champion of England. Every pugilist that comes here is a champion, and yet Sullivan can defeat them in one, two, three order, commencing after breakfast and finishing the task before supper.

Pat Dawson, of New Britain, backer of Houlihan, says: "I will match Tom Houlihan, of Hartford, to fight Gus Zills, of New Haven, any time within four weeks, for \$100 a side, with or without gloves, and will put part or all of the stakes up as soon as his backers seem disposed to accept the offer."

Charles E. Davies, better known as the Parson, left this city for his home in Chicago recently. Davies says he will match Anderson, the equestrian, to ride against any man in the world, six days and change horses, for \$2,500 a side. Or he will match Patsy Cardiff to box any pugilist in America, bar Sullivan, for \$1,000 a side.

Patsy Duffy, the light-weight pugilist of Boston, writes as follows: "Hearing that Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, and Jack Keenan, of Philadelphia, intend visiting Boston, on their arrival I will arrange a match to box either of them according to Revised Quinceberry rules, for a purse. Man and money to be paid at John Gallinger's, 193 Hanover street, Boston, at any time."

David S. Levy, of the "Pacific Life," is trying to promote pugilism on the Pacific Slope by giving purses for the pugilist to box. The Mitchell and Madden Redford Drawing-room Combination, with Harry Webb, of Colorado, manager, appeared at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, last week. The company met with great success, and Madden and Mitchell made a hit in their dress suits, kil gloves, etc.

Maurice Casey, of East Saginaw, Mich., who recently fought Ed. Schuemaker, of Detroit, and lost by an alleged foul by the referee deciding unjustly, writes that he will fight any 150-lb man in America to a finish for \$250 a side and the gate receipts, the match to take place at any time to be agreed upon after signing articles. He says "I want no more four-round business, and my adversary must knock me out or I will do the same by him. Challenges will be accepted at East Saginaw. I mean business and I am ready to fight all comers."

Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion pugilist of America, who is matched to box John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden on Jan. 25, is training at Chicago. In a letter to James Patterson, the well-known sporting man of Seventh avenue, Ryan states he will leave no stone unturned to be in the best condition possible. Ryan takes a long walk every day and on his return uses dumb-bells, clubs, etc. Ryan will come on to this city about New Year's and finish his training. In next week's issue of the Police Gazette there will appear a full-page picture of Paddy Ryan.

Arthur Chambers has been in the ring again. The contest was not fought by either Quinceberry or London prize ring rules, but was an offhand affair. It appears Chambers, with his wife and three other ladies and Charley Howarth, entered Collier's saloon on Market street, Newark, N. J. The party sat down at one of the tables in the rear room and chatted over mugs of ale. Assemblyman Burgess entered a few minutes later, and was invited by Mr. Howarth to join the party at the same table. He passed some insulting remarks, and it is claimed he tried to smash. The result was Chambers knocked the assemblyman out with a straight left-hander.

Dennis Butler, of Brooklyn, was one of the competitors in the heavy-weight boxing tournament at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 5. Butler was pitted against James McDevitt, the boxer and boniface of the "Police Gazette" Annex, at Brieberg, Pa., who has time and again engaged in several important battles. McDevitt forced the fighting in the first round, driving Butler behind the scenes, and sending in some neat right-hand blow. Butler came out again and retaliated viciously, finishing up the round by delivering a right-hander straight from the shoulder on McDevitt's ear just as time was called. In the second round McDevitt was weak, and showed the effects of this blow. After some sharp exchanges he began to get shaky and reeled all over the stage trying to evade the heavy blows delivered by Butler. Finally Butler knocked him down by a blow on the jaw, and was following up his advantage, when the referee interfered to give

McDevitt a chance to get on his feet. The spectators began to shout, and were attempting to mount the stage, when the time-keeper called time. McDevitt failed to respond for a third round, and Butler was declared the winner. Butler is a pupil of Mike Donovan and a championship swimmer, and McDevitt comes from Brieberg.

In reference to the proposed glove fight between Billy Wilson, of Boston, and C. A. C. Smith, of Fort Huron, who are both now at St. Paul, Minn., trying to arrange a match, Thomas Jefferson in the *Daily Globe*, St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 1, says:

"I understand that in your issue of to-day is to appear a card asking Mr. Smith to come to the front and decide who is the better man, himself or Mr. Wilson. You will allow me to say that Mr. C. A. C. Smith, the colored heavy-weight champion, under contract with me for six months, and it remains with me to say whether he shall fight or not, and as I have previous engagements on hand, that are, in my opinion, more profitable than the proposed match for gate money with Mr. Wilson, I shall occupy my time in attending to them, especially while Mr. Wilson is in company with Mr. McAlpine. Mr. C. A. C. Smith stands ready to fight anybody on earth, and is, as far as he is concerned, anxious to have a go with Mr. Wilson when Mr. Wilson gets in honest hands."

"T. Jefferson."

The Boston "News" appears to be somewhat down upon Greenfield, the British slugger. It says: "If Alf. Greenfield could fight as well as he can falsify, he would be a good one. He says that his first fight with Pat Perry, near Birmingham, England, was a draw. Pat Perry whipped him in seventeen rounds, lasting 40 minutes. He declares that he beat Denny Harrington. Denny Harrington knocked him silly and a novice in 1 hour and 13 minutes. His fight of Feb. 26, 1883, against Jim Stewart, in which Greenfield fought with undenied gaudiness with a broken arm, was won by Greenfield in a foul, not by doing his man. Greenfield, as every man and boy from Land's End to John O'Groats, knows, got first honors against Jack Burke by a rubber decision. If Greenfield, as he says, wants to bet £100 that he was never beaten, I'll bet him that George Cooke, the American middle weight, whipped him with soft gloves, under London rules, at Astor Cross Grounds, Birmingham, England. George fought him ten rounds, when Greenfield left the ring and refused to return, and Cooke was declared the winner. What's the use, Greenfield of trying to lie out of the whippings you've had?"

Some time ago we published a challenge of Mine. A. Lewis, of Cleveland, Ohio, in which she offered to box any female in America for the championship. Shortly after the challenge appeared, Hattie Stewart, who also claims to be the female champion, forwarded a reply and agreed to box the Cleveland wonder. Mine. Lewis is eager to arrange a match, as will be seen by the following. Read it:

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 9, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"In a recent issue of the *Police Gazette* I read that Miss Hattie Stewart, champion of the world, offers to meet me in the arena, stating that she is confident that she can defeat any female that competes with male champions. Now, if she is still of the same opinion I will give her an opportunity to make good the claim she lays to—the championship of the world. In her challenge she offers to box me four, six or eight rounds for from \$500 to \$600 and the entire gate receipts, or the winner to take sixty-five per cent thereof. I wish to state through your paper that I will box Miss Stewart eight rounds for \$600 and the entire gate receipts after all expenses are paid, or the winner to take seventy-five and the loser twenty-five per cent. In order to back what I may have posted \$100 with Capt. John Francisco, a prominent sporting man of this city, and will put up the other \$400 as soon as articles of agreement are signed, the match to take place in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago, as Hattie Stewart may prefer, within thirty days from signing articles. Quinceberry rules to govern the contest, Richard K. Fox to appoint the referee, or I will wrestle any woman in the world, any weight, any style, except Japanese, for \$500. Hoping this will bring this Miss Hattie Stewart to the front, I am, dear sir, MARY A. LEWIS, Champion all-round female athlete of America.

At Robert Wright's gymnasium, Detroit, a few days ago, there was a glove contest, according to Quinceberry rules, between Maurice Casey, of East Saginaw, and Ed. Schuemaker of Detroit. Only five persons were present. Both pugilists are well known in Michigan, and many were eager to witness the contest. The manager of the affair being eager to avoid any interference only issued a certain number of tickets. Both pugilists had trained for the encounter and came to the mark in first-rate mettle. Casey had very few friends present, and it was apparent that forty out of the fifty were eager for the Detroit pugilist to conquer the Saginaw representative. Casey, however, had come to Detroit to win, and he was bound to do so. After a referee was selected the contest began. In the first and second rounds the fighting was desperate and decidedly in Casey's favor. At the end of the second round Schuemaker became disengaged and pulled off the gloves and left the ring. His seconds insisted on his returning, and he summoned fresh pink and did so. In the third round Casey outwitted Schuemaker, when the latter's second struck Casey and there was a general wrangle. The referee stopped what might have been a serious fracas and the contest was postponed. In the fourth round Casey fought his opponent all over the ring, inflicting severe punishment. Both clinched, and Casey forced Schuemaker to the ropes and punished him terribly amid cries of foul. Schuemaker's seconds rushed into the ring and claimed the fight. A wrangle ensued, and the referee, being afraid of personal violence, declared Schuemaker the winner. Schuemaker was fairly whipped and unable to fight another round. His seconds had to carry him out of the ring, while Casey, almost without a scratch, could have fought, bar accidents, over an hour, for he had received no punishment to speak of. Several of Schuemaker's friends were surprised at the decision, but were helpless to reverse it. The referee's decision was final, nevertheless. It was unjust, in fact—it was a bare-faced swindle. Casey said to his opponent: "You have got the money, but there is no one in the room dare deny that I had you whipped."

Jimmy Weeden, the pugilist, who is matched to fight his old rival, Owen Maloney, stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and in condition weighs 130 pounds. He was born in Kendall, England, and has been in this country thirteen years. He is a pugilist by trade and formerly lived at Cleveland, Ohio. In 1879 he located at Pittsburgh where he worked at his trade and spent his leisure time in boxing. Weeden's first battle was with Jack Leeds for a purse. The fight was decided at Sheffield, England, and Weeden won. His next appearance in the ring was with Jack Martin, the "Sweep," near Wighby, also for a purse, which he won in seven rounds. His last "go" was with James Pearson, or, as he was more commonly known by, "Gyp Jim." This fight Weeden also won. Pearson being knocked out in the tenth round. Maloney stands 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 138 pounds. In the spring of 1883 Owen Maloney, of Pittsburgh, challenged Weeden to fight for \$300 a side. Weeden sent a forfeit to the *Police Gazette* and the pugilists agreed to fight according to London prize ring rules, near Pittsburgh, Pa., June 13, 1882. Richard K. Fox was made final stakeholder, and the \$1,000 were deposited in his keeping. On June 8, 1882, five days before the time set for the pugilists to meet, Sheriff Sweeney, of Hancock county, West Virginia, made effective preparations to arrest the pugilists if they invaded the State. And he also made a requisition on Gov. Jackson for 150 stand of arms. On June 9 the pugilists decided to fight at Spirit Lake, West Va., but the place had to be changed. Weeden's training quarters were at Black Lane, near the Perryville road, two miles from the Smoky City, and Evan Davis had the pugilist under his care. Maloney's training quarters were at West View, about four miles from Pittsburgh. On June 12, 1882, all arrangements were made at Pittsburgh for the mill. A steamboat was chartered and the pugilists and their friends, who numbered over 300, embarked for Smith's Ferry. At 4 A. M. on the 15th of June the party landed and a ring was erected on the State line between Ohio and Pennsylvania, on the property of J. W. Cunningham. The fight was a terrific one for forty-one rounds, and Weeden looked to be a sure winner, as it was only a question how long Maloney could last. Every time he took the scratch he was knocked down, the blood spurting in every direction and the poor, limp Maloney was literally carried to his corner. With body bruised, eyes closed and face dreadfully battered he continued to present himself before Weeden's brawny fists for fresh punishment until the close of the forty-first round when another cry of foul was raised. Again the referee refused to allow it, when a howling, angry mob broke through the ropes and took possession of the ring. By this time a dozen or more impromptu fights were going on, when Weeden and Maloney and their seconds joined hands in the center and Weeden said:

"Owen, are you willing to call this a draw? I don't want to kill a man." Maloney accepted the situation and the fight was so decided. Forty-one rounds were fought in 1 hour and 30 minutes.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Bob Farrell, the well-known pugilist, is living at Columbus, Ohio.

Nick Layburgher, the earsman, of Pittsburgh, is in San Francisco, and the guest of Patsy Hogan.

Eole is to be placed in active training in England this winter to prepare him for the Spring handicaps.

Lawrence Hart, late of South Brooklyn, N. Y., is now proprietor of the Glidden House, Glidden, Wis.

H. H. Fries, of Terra Haute, Ind., writes that he would like to sign with a first class amateur boat club.

At San Francisco, recently, Harry Maynard forfeited \$100 which he had deposited to fight Wm. Missing at 133 lbs.

Frank Lyman has purchased the "Police Gazette" shades, 322 Market street, Newark, N. J., from Charley Norton.

Gus Hill, the champion club-swinger, made a great hit at Toronto, Canada. His exhibition with his heavy Indian clubs was pronounced marvelous.

Frank Crysler, who has proved himself a capable teacher in his art, stop and come again, will assist Mike Donovan in teaching the members of the New York Athletic Club.

On Dec. 8 the trial of John L. Sullivan and Alf. Greenfield was set down for Dec. 16, when Howe & Hammill will defend Greenfield, and Howe & Hammill will defend Sullivan.

The Metropolitan Club has engaged the following players for next season: Rosenau, Troy, Orr, Holbert, Kennedy, Brady, Beccano and Nelson. Keefe will sign in a few days.

The close of the racing season in England gives Fred. Archer 215 winning mounts out of 377; C. Wood comes next, with 158 out of 353 mounts, and S. Leates third, with 77 out of 97.

Michael Harrigan, of Vermont, has deposited \$25 with the Boston "Globe" as forfeit, and challenge: Jas. Murphy, of Fairfield, to a cellar-and-cub wrestling match for \$20 a side.

Sullivan has been offered, so report says, \$3,000 for a night's entertainment at Wimipeg. Surely our Prairie City friends haven't a surprise for John Lawrence in the shape of a knocker.

Advices from Australia state Donald Dinnie has challenged Prof. Wm. Miller to wrestle him, Scotch style, for \$500 a side. Miller has agreed to meet the burly Scotchman, and win or lose, leave for America.

At Philadelphia, on Nov. 27, Arthur Legatz, of London, Eng., and young Street, of Philadelphia, fought 6 rounds, with hard gloves, for \$100 a side, in a private room. Streets was declared the winner.

Chicago appears likely to be the headquarters of billiards this year. Besides the Schaefer-Slosson matches to take place there Jan. 5 and 18, Cattan plays McLaughlin Dec. 19 and 23, and other events are talked of.

Prof. MacDonald's pupils gave a very interesting sparring exhibition at Davenport, Iowa, Nov. 25. The Turning Society was also interested in the affair. The wind-up was between Prof. MacDonald and Prof. Keefe.

On Dec. 5, the cocking main between New Jersey and New York was won by the New Jersey fowls. Each side produced fifteen. Thirteen battles were fought for \$50 each and \$150 the odd fight. Score—New Jersey, 7; New York, 6.

Danny Costigan was tendered a benefit at the Alhambra, 160 West Eighteenth street, New York, on Dec. 9. The main event was a rattling set-to between Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, and Costigan, which was a treat in the boxing line.

Dick Yearwood, the well-known pugilist, has left the Domnick McCaffrey Combination. It is understood the combination is in the water, owing to the fact that the advance agent could not date them, on account of trouble in obtaining licenses.

John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, is to box A. Greenfield, to box 4 rounds. Quinceberry rules, at Boston, on Dec. 21. The contest will take place in the Institute building. Greenfield is making Tom Kirby's his headquarters.

Jack Curley, the once well-known heavy-weight pugilist, who fought the late Charley Gallagher near Carrollton, La., in February, 1880, is working at his trade, that of a compositor, in the office of the *World*, Quincy, Ill., where he has many friends.

At White Plains, N. Y., on Dec. 9, Tom Henry, of New York, who fought Jenny Murray at Pelham Bridge, was up for trial before Judge Mills on a charge of participating in a prize fight with Murray. Henry pleaded guilty, and was released on bail until Dec. 31, when he will be sentenced. Murray, it will be remembered, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and fined \$300.

Recently, at Kansas City, Mo., the great cocking match between Quincey and Kansas City fowls attracted a large crowd of sporting men. Six battles were fought at \$50 a fight, and in case a seventh fight was necessary to decide, the odd fight to be for \$100. Both parties had some fine, strong birds and several fights were unusually exciting

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sport-ing Interest.

If the jockey's ability is to be decided by the important engagements he wins during a season, Wood, the English jockey, ranks higher than Archer, for last year he won more important turf events than the latter.

"Robinson" and Mitchell, the sprinters who ran such a fast 100 at Springfield were Jack Gibson, alias Wheatsley, and Fred Rogers.

How the betting fraternity were sold. "What fools ye mortals be!"

I have witnessed many a desperate canine controversy and seen fighting-dogs display great stamina and courage, but of all the game dogs I ever knew, I think Moll, who fought Modoc, Jr., at Newark, N. J., on Dec. 3, beats them all.

Moll was pitted against Modoc, Jr., to fight for \$100, according to "Police Gazette" rules. During the fierce and sanguinary battle Moll had his ears torn out from the sockets, and once, when his right foreleg was in Modoc's mouth, the crunching of the bones was heard all over the pit.

Moll, although terribly lacerated, refused to give in, but fought on until her antagonist was rendered *hors de combat*, when the referee declared the fight a draw, neither of the dogs being in a condition to win.

I met Chas. E. Davies, better known as the Parson, of Chicago, a few days ago, and he was just as full of business as ever.

Davies has an idea that Paty Cardiff, the pugilist of Peoria, Ill., is another Sullivan, and he is confident that the Peoria pugilist will give any of the many heavy weights a hard tussle, no matter whether it is with-gloves or bare knuckles.

Davies is a capital judge of a pugilist. He has tried Cardiff and he is satisfied to pit him against any pugilist breathing except John L. Sullivan.

I understand Davies has abandoned the idea of holding a six-day race in Madison Square Garden, in which Anderson, the world-renowned equestrian, was to ride six days on relay horses against bicycle-riders.

The reason Davies gave up the idea of the race was that the H. C. C. wanted \$5,000 for the use of the garden, just double the sum it is worth.

Anderson is a wonderful rider, and can cover 1,500 miles, it is said, in six days, and it would be a paying investment if such a contest was arranged, provided that the rental of the garden was placed at \$2,000.

Moralists can talk as they like, but one thing is certain, any time there is a charitable exhibition sporting men and pugilists are the first to respond and volunteer their services.

The benefit arranged by the "Herald" of this city for the relief of the Ohio flood sufferers proved that fact, for it was Sullivan, Lulin, and the rest of the pugilists who, by volunteering to appear, made it a success.

Another proof that pugilists and sporting men are ready and willing to lend their assistance to aid the destitute and starving, was the way the pugilists volunteered and boxed at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 2 at the benefit of the starving miners of Hocking Valley.

Would the strait-laced law and order class of the community work like the pugilists and athletes did at the Hocking Valley Miners' benefit? No. And yet they try to degrade and starve, was the way the pugilists volunteered and boxed at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 2 at the benefit of the starving miners of Hocking Valley.

I witnessed a first-class glove contest at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 2, between Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, and Capt. James C. Daly. It was a rattling affair, and Judge Barrett's rules did not govern.

Both pugilists fought on their merits. Mitchell was knocked down, but he made the stalwart Irish-American champion think he was a table for an auctioneer's hammer, for he blackened one of his optics and beat a tattoo on Daly's visor-tuving department.

Every one enjoyed the contest, and whoever thinks boxing is dead is foolish, for when the authorities stood the "singing" (to use the vernacular) between Mitchell and Daly, they will stand anything.

I am certain if Sullivan will come on to New York and give a show in Madison Square Garden for the benefit of any charitable institution he will be allowed to spar with Greenfield, Burke, etc., all in one night and no one will stop him.

Years ago George Fordham was the idol of the hour, and many a turfite has thought that the golden road to fortune was in following the ride of this aristocratic jockey.

At different times a great deal of money has been won by continuously supporting the Demon, but this was the case years ago, as during the last few seasons Fordham's popularity has been dimmed by the successful career of his rival, Fred. Archer. I could mention the names of many successful turfites who, in their turn, have won small fortunes by persistently supporting this rider, but on the other hand I could name many others who have come to irretrievable grief when a persistent run of ill luck followed his efforts in the saddle. As George Fordham went down before Fred Archer, so had the latter in his turn to play second fiddle to Wood, who has shown a powerful improvement in form during the past season. Although Wood's successes have not been so numerous as those of Archer, a persistent follower of the former's rides would have done much better than had Archer's mounts alone been dealt with. In fact backers of Wood have won nearly twice as much money as those who persistently pinned their fortunes to Archer.

Sullivan, in his latest interview, says: "I will be out of the ring in four or five months. I have been making lots of money lately, but in Boston I have a father and mother dependent upon me for support, and I would rather keep them by other means than prize-fighting. I have a saloon in Boston that is paying me very well, and I intend to pursue that business after retiring from the ring."

I think when a great trotter reaches the limit of his speed it is a truism to say that he cannot go one-quarter of a second faster, and yet many people do not appreciate the fact.

Many may consider how long a mile is, and how short a fraction of a second is, and it is the general supposition that a little bit might be squeezed out, not reflecting, perhaps, that their ideas being carried out to the extreme, would result in a mile being trotted in nothing. Maud S., herself, became Queen of the Turf Sept. 18, 1883, with a record of 2:10 1/2, and the repeated trials of four years have reduced that figure, by slow gradations, but 1 1/4.

I think this conclusively shows how important the slightest flicker of the most sensitive hand on the dial of time is in these supreme efforts. We have faith that Maud S. will, if all goes right, next season still further lower her record, but her maximum of speed must be nearly reached.

Tom Redmond, alias Texas Tom, the well-known horse-poisoner, is in Chicago. He was rather amused when it

was told him that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was on the lookout for him.

I have been informed on good authority that a match has been made between two celebrated and fast trotting horses, which is certain to create no small amount of interest.

The competitors are Mr. Bambridge's Nellie Patchen, of London, who has held the Champion Challenge Shield, and Mr. Whitehead's Juggler (late Wellington), of Ashton, and the conditions are to trot the best of five 1-mile heats, for £100 a side, round Abbey Hey Park, Gorton, on Dec. 22, next.

I understand R. James, the English professional bicyclist, has arrived in London from New York, while in this country James made a mile in 2 minutes 30 seconds, which equals the best on record in the world.

I believe Col. J. H. McLaughlin is ready to arrange a match to wrestle John McMahon, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, for \$500 a side and the championship.

Why don't he put up a forfeit?

H. Melan, owner of Burke Cochran, has purchased Capt. Curry from John Granger, the consideration being \$2,500. Next to Cochran Curry is probably the best steeplechase in the country.

I understand during the past year in England Edmund won the Manchester cup, Cambridgeshire, Cesarewitch, Ascot gold cup and the Jubilee prize at Baden-Baden, besides making a dead heat of it for the Derby. A fair number of other races have fallen to his share, including the De Trafford Winter Handicap at Manchester and the Queen's plate at Lewes.

I sometimes hear a good deal from employers about jockeys. Most of them are, delighted when they win, and if they lose it is more the other way.

But how about the trainers, the men who bring the animals to the post, all being able to win, and would win, but for some unforeseen circumstances which occur?

I sometimes fancy that "the plater"—i. e., the farriers who fasten on the shoes, might occasionally be "got at," and when a case of this kind happens, owner, jockey and trainer come in for their full share of public abuse. This is, however, only a surmise of mine, as I believe that the noble animal is generally used by the jockey for his own purposes.

In watching a baseball match, it has often struck me what an intense control a single player has over the result. A solitary bad throw or mif may give the whole thing away.

Even an erratic decision by the umpire may have the same effect, but he always the terror of the mob before his eyes to keep him straight, whereas, unless on absolute proof of fraud, it is hard to find serious fault with one little slip of a player, and yet that said slip may have been well paid for.

I do not believe there is a League team in the country that has not among its members two or three who will throw a game at any time in the interest of the pool-box. The remainder are honest, but are powerless to win games if two or three or even four of them play to lose.

E. P. Weston, the pioneer of long-distance pedestrianism, says: "I will not compete in any professional six-day sweepstakes race. I am not in the field." Every athlete knows that he is only perfect when 'Dame Nature' cares for him. Stimulants might help a 24-hour walk, because the walker could possibly borrow 'steam' for the time being, but at fearful cost. Over and over again I have abroad demonstrated and proved my theory. Whenever and wherever I can do anything in the cause of temperance I want to do it, but I know what a four-weeks' walk means. I hate this 'sweepstakes' business, which is only another name for gambling."

I think experience is a splendid teacher. Both the League and the American Association have learned by the result of the October campaign that the extension of the season beyond the last of September does not pay.

I am sure the first half of October is likely to be made up of bad weather as is the last half of April. Add to this the fact that in October the interest in baseball is usually ended, while in April it is just beginning, and you have my argument.

I suggest that it would be more profitable to begin the championship season the 20th of April and end it Oct. 1, than run it into October. Next season's schedules should be arranged to this end.

Backers of horses have always been too happy to seize upon any idea whereby their investments might ultimately prove remunerative.

We have heard a great deal of systems of one kind or another, and of late years following the mounts of leading knights of the pugilists has been highly popular.

It strikes me that it is an open question nowadays which to back. If the horses had no jockeys I think it would be safer to back them than it is now. Looking at the numerous turf swindles last year, it is dangerous to back either, even if you own the horse and pay the jockey.

I have been requested by a well-known turfman to decide a ticklish question.

He wants to know does a horse, when trotting fast, have all four legs off the ground at any one time?

My idea is that it would be impossible, taking into consideration the length of the horse and the distance he would be able to stretch out to cover, without leaving the ground, the space he sometimes does. Still, judging by the instantaneous photos of horses while in motion, both in running and trotting, the animal at certain times has all legs off the ground.

He also claimed that horses tamed on the circular course of the United States developed a tendency to faint-heartedness when shipped to England and started in races there. When the main part of the struggle was straightforward over undulating sod the horse becomes discouraged at what looks to him like a boundless sea to be traversed. The familiar turns were not there to break the view and change the current of thought with the muscles, and so he would not fight the race to the bitter end. He said he could easily understand how some horses of low nervous organization educated on half-mile tracks show what is called the white feather when they strike mile-tracks. The longer stretches discouraged them.

The recent races between professional bicycle-riders and trotting-horses led many to think that for 5 miles and over the bicycle is vastly superior to the horse.

Now, according to the records, our bicycle-riders must speed up to catch the horse records up to and including 20 miles:

Miles.	Name.	Time.	Name.	Time.
1	Sellers.....	2:39	Maud S.....	2:09 1/2
2	English.....	5:32	Monroe Chief.....	4:46
3	Hillier.....	5:32	Huntress.....	4:19 1/4
4	12:14	Tracy.....	11:06
5	Hillier.....	11:18	Lady Mac.....	11:30
6	22:19 1/2	Controllor.....	27:23 1/4
12	English.....	35:15	Topazallant.....	38:00
15	English.....	44:29 3/5	Gilder.....	47:20
20	English.....	59:06 3/5	Capt. McGowan.....	58:25
50	Falconer.....	2:43:58 3/5	Ariel.....	3:53:40 1/2
100	Waller.....	5:51:07	Conqueror.....	8:55:33

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

F. H. Poneto, Ind.—Yes.

An Admirer.—Jersey City.

B. O. S., Chicago, Ill.—Yes.

J. V. K., Newark, N. J.—No.

G. W., South Bend, Md.—No.

W. F. E., Newcastle, Pa.—A win.

J. B., Detroit, Mich.—1. No. 2. Yes.

J. F., Wilmington, Del.—The bet is a draw.

W. W. W., Newton, N. J.—Send us your name.

A. G. M., St. Louis, Mo.—We cannot furnish book.

Fropic, Fort Wayne.—Send us more of your favors.

J. W., Terra Haute, Mich.—Five feet eleven inches.

L. S., Peoria, Ill.—Write to John Wood, 206 Bowery.

F. C. G., Savannah, N. Y.—It's a catch bet. You lose.

M. S., Glendale—Hancock, 41,268; Cleveland, 43,064.

A. and E., Teluride, Col.—See answer to Norway, Mich.

C. M. B., Hutchinson, Kansas.—After they make a match.

W. E., Allegheny City, Pa.—It is optional with the player.

J. H. C., Baltimore, Md.—Through notoriety in any manner.

H. M., Randall, N. Y.—He counts four if he takes every trick.

W. D., Mt. Olive, Ill.—Hutchins has returned to England.

D. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Duncan C. Ross is in San Francisco.

J. K., City.—Mitchell weighed 157 when he fought Sullivan.

J. C., Brunswick, Miss.—No such match has yet been arranged.

E. P. H., Mobile, Ala.—Send \$1.00 and we will mail you the book.

W. F. G., Westfield, Mass.—We will furnish book on receipt of 50 cents.

G. D., Schuykill Co.—We furnish no information about lotteries.

G. H. F., New York City.—Yes, at Madison Square Garden in March.

J. H., Grandville, Pa.—See answer to G. D., Schuykill Co., Pa.

W. F. G., Westfield, Mass.—We will furnish book on receipt of 50 cents.

B. B., Baltimore, Md.—Dan Kerrigan died at New York March 16, 1875.

J. S., Fort Randall, Dakota.—The referee decided in favor of Sullivan.

D. N., Cleveland, Ohio.—Send to this office for the "Life of Maud S."

M. J. H., Newtown, Conn.—Pay the stakes to the party you think won.

G. S., St. John, N. B.—Address Patrick Kirley, Leader office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. J. J., South Boston.—1. They never fought. 2. It was only a box.

W. H., Port Huron.—Maud S. is 15 1/2 hands high. Her best record is 2:00 1/4.

CONSTANT READER.—Sam Colyer's (the pugilist) correct name is Walter Jamison.

Mme. Horan's Unwelcome Intruders.

Mme. Horan lives in an apartment-house on Eighth avenue. Last week she determined to have a crape veil renovated and took it to a shop for that purpose. It was valued at \$21. One of the shop-girls brought the veil home and said the charges were \$2.50. When Mme. Horan examined the face-covering she said she discovered it had been spoiled. She told the girl so and declined to pay for it. Thereupon Katie burst into tears and asked her to at least write a note to that effect in order that she might show it to Mrs. Heath and thus save herself from blame. The defendant directed her maid to write the explanation. As she refused to return the veil Katie went to the Twentieth precinct station-house and complained to the sergeant at the desk.

Mrs. Horan says that she, her maid and her servant were sitting in madame's room when Policemen Begian and Siler entered. They did not announce their coming by even so much as a tap on the door. All the women were in extreme disarray, being just about to retire for the night. They demanded the cause of the intrusion, and were told that unless the amount due for the renovating of the veil was at once forthcoming they would be arrested. Then, Mme. Horan declares, she requested the policemen to leave the room for awhile to enable her to resume her garments. This they gruffly refused to do, but threatened to take her to the station-house just as she was. They also, she alleges, snapped their fingers in her face. She defied them and told them she would prefer charges against them before the Commissioners. Then they departed.

Cowboys to the Rescue.

Quite a little breeze of excitement was raised in Miles City on

the 7th inst. by several Crow Indians giving chase to a carriage containing two ladies. The redskins claimed that a pony attached to the vehicle was their property and they sought to take the animal by force. A party of cowboys galloped like madmen after the Indians, who were in turn making a good race to catch the flying team. The cowboys finally overtook the savages, and, with a whoop and yell, lariated every

happening to Farmer Riddell. He was stationed behind a big tree, while his companions went off in search of a bear, whose trail they had struck. In a short time, the farmer heard a noise in the brush, and peering around the tree discovered the bear coming toward him. He drew up quickly and fired, evidently before bruin saw him. The bear looked right and left for a few minutes, snuffed the air and soon discovered the farmer behind the tree. He then made a dash for his assailant. The farmer knew that his safety now principally depended on nerve and muscle. His first impulse was to run around the tree and tire the wounded bear out. He tried it, but the bear did not tire worth a cent, while he was getting badly blown. Finding this game would not win he became desperate and resolved on fighting. Turning round quickly he clubbed the bear over the head with his gun, but the stock was broken short off and the bear was unhurt. Bruin raised up on his hind feet and reached for the farmer. He caught the latter, hauled him in, and was about to give him a business-like hug, when Postmaster Potter and Editor Seely suddenly appeared over the brow of the hill. They were horrified to find Farmer Riddell in the deadly embrace of the bear whose long red tongue was lolling out, and he was looking into his face with an expression which seemed to say:

"Now I have got you!"

Postmaster Potter drew up his piece, and

taking deliberate aim, fired. The bullet crashed through the bear's head, and as he tumbled over, Editor Seely ran up with his hunting knife and thrust it into his neck. That finished the bear.

But, in the meantime, the bear had pretty nearly finished Farmer Riddell. The bear, when skinned, weighed anywhere from 300 to 3,000 pounds. Accounts differ somewhat on that subject.



COWBOYS TO THE RESCUE.

A PARTY OF GALLANT HERDSMEN IN MONTANA TERRITORY PURSUE AND OVERCOME "BAD" INDIANS, WHO ARE PURSUING TWO YOUNG LADIES FOR PLUNDER, AND BRING THEM TO GRIEF.

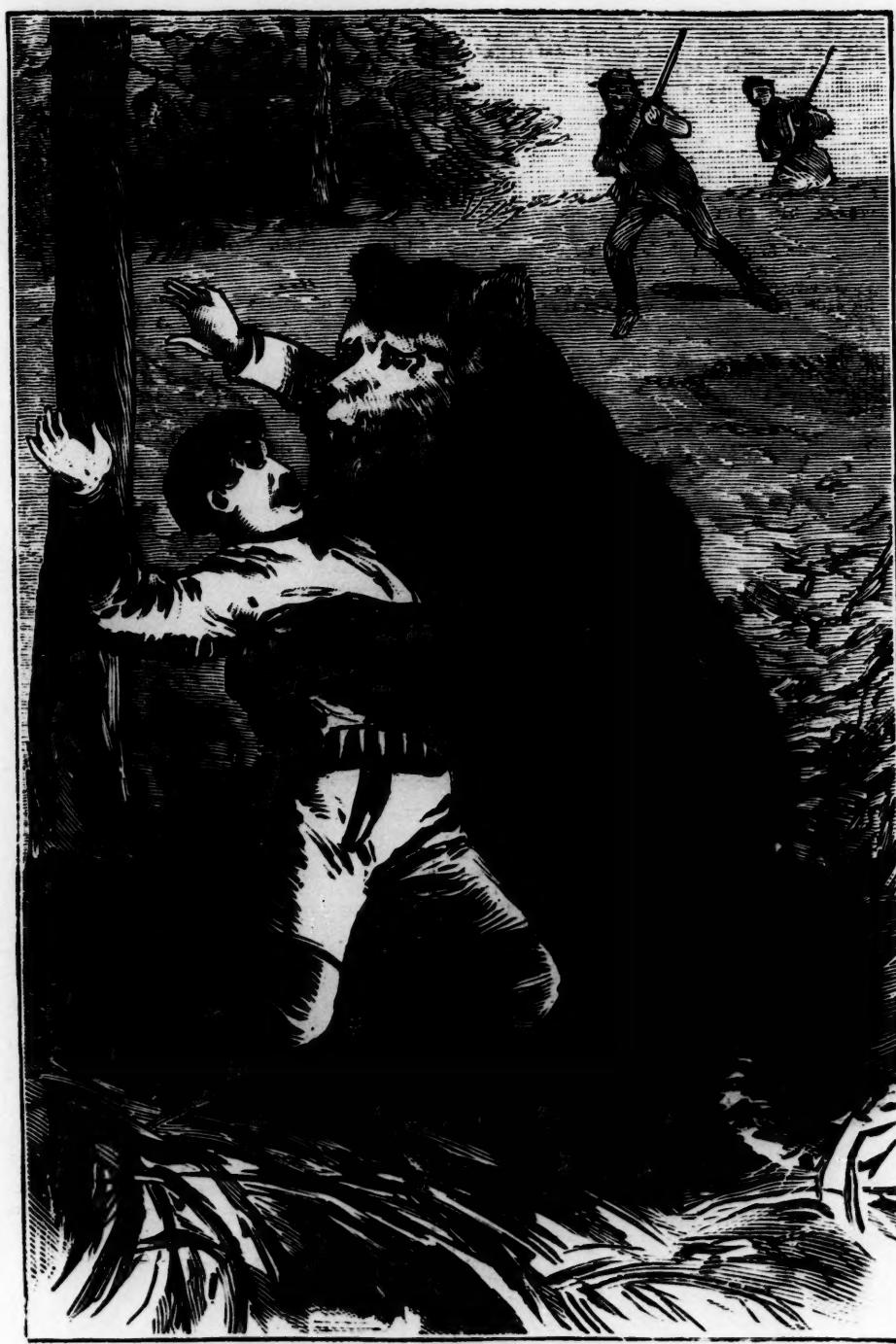
Postmaster Potter and the Ba'r.

Postmaster Potter, Editor Seely and Farmer Riddell, of Jersey Shore, Pa., went off on a hunting expedition week before last and had some startling adventures, one of the most exciting



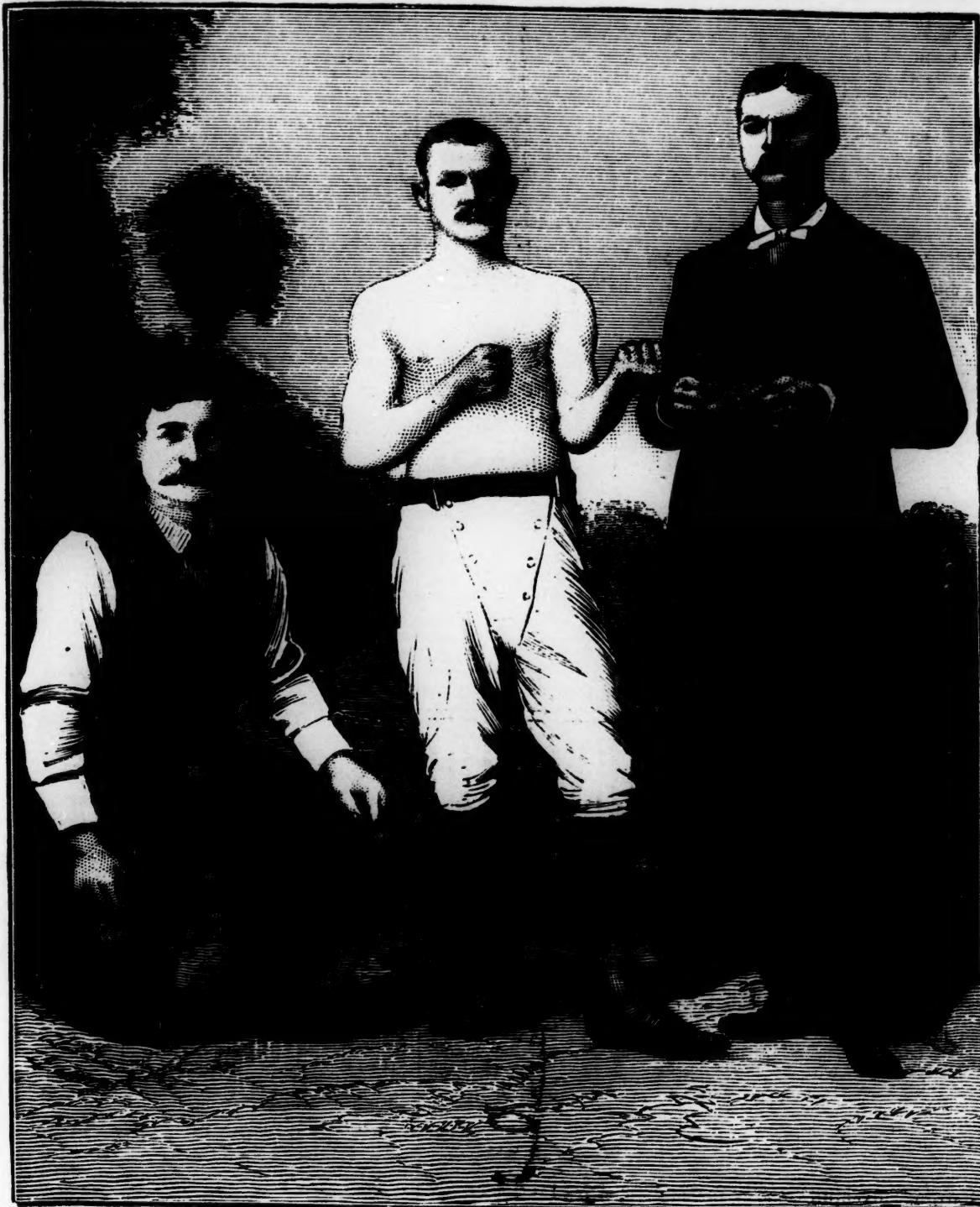
MME. HORAN'S UNWELCOME INTRUDERS.

WHAT RESULTED FROM HAVING A CRAP VEIL RENOVATED AND REFUSING TO PAY THE BILL
WHEN THE WORK WAS DONE.



POSTMASTER POTTER AND THE BA'R.

THREE PENNSYLVANIA NIMRODS GO HUNTING AND POSTMASTER POTTER KILLS A BEAR IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME.



THREE NASHVILLE SPORTS.

ENIE PHILLIPS, HENRY C. BROWN AND CON CROWLEY.

Three Nashville Sports.

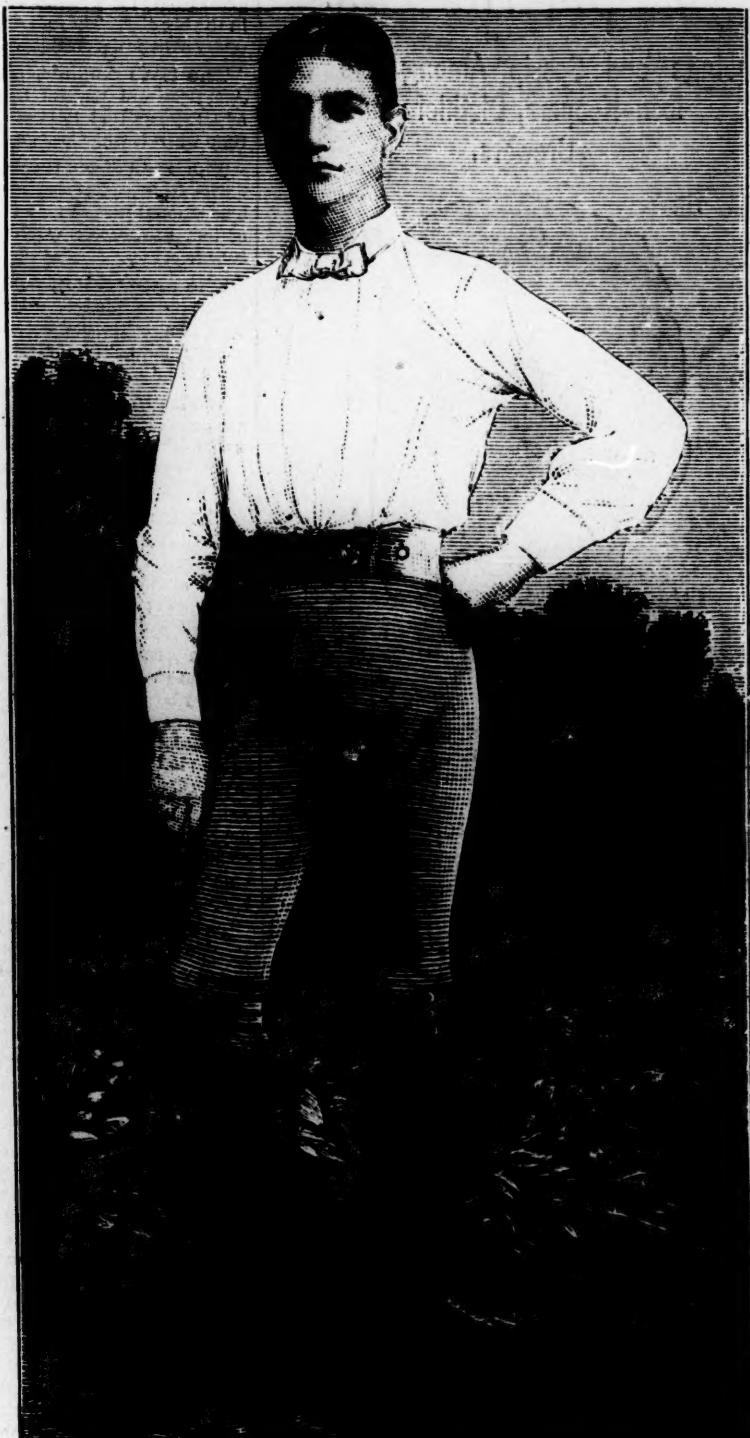
Enie Phillips is a young man of considerable reputation in Nashville as a sparer, and has on more than one occasion distinguished himself in glove contests. He is regarded as the

best man of his size and weight in that city. On the occasion of the visit of John L. Sullivan to Nashville he was the only man who would attempt to stand before the champion, but before John L. Sullivan could get in his work Chief of Police Kerrigan put a stop to the proceedings.

Henry C. Brown is one of the best and most favorably known of sporting men in Nashville and the South, and has been Phillips' backer. Mr. Brown came originally from Atlanta, Ga., but for the past fifteen years has made Nashville his home. He is the leader in all sporting matters and events there. He is also the president and manager of the Nashville Baseball Club.

Con Crowley is yard-master of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Con is an old-timer and is known and liked by everybody in Nashville. He came originally from Bangor, Maine. Whenever a match takes place in Nashville

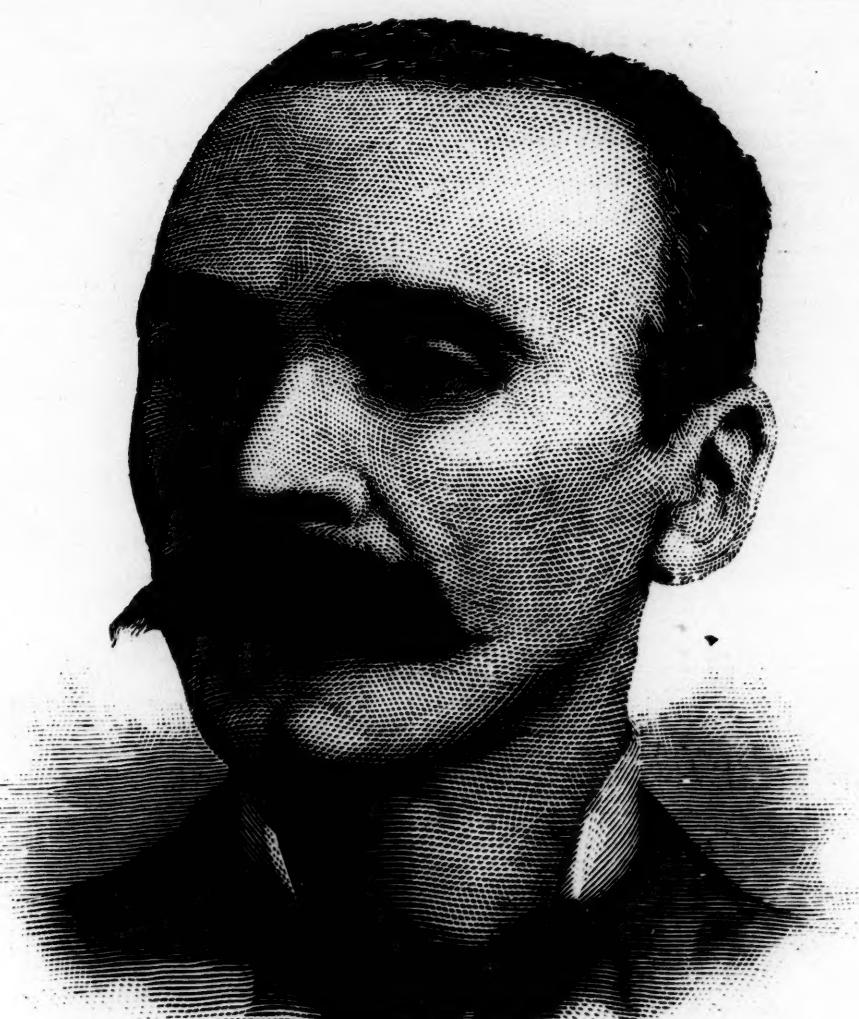
Con is always on hand to offer his services. Con thinks the POLICE GAZETTE is the law and gospel on everything and anything, and when Judge Allen outlawed the GAZETTE there Con said he would have it if he went to jail, and on one occasion procured a copy and took it to the court-room and spread it out and began reading it, when Judge Allen called Con up and sentenced him to bring the GAZETTE up to court each week and let him (the Judge) take a two hours' look at it. These three gentlemen are well known and very popular in Nashville sporting circles. Their faces are seen at every important sporting event and public occasion.



JAMES O. HERN,

A CLEVER YOUNG DANCER.

[Photo by John Wood.]



ED. MURRAY,

THE FAMOUS LEADVILLE SPORTING MAN.



SPOT,

WISCONSIN'S CHAMPION SEVENTEEN-POUNDER.

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R. Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca), $\frac{1}{4}$ drachm.
Jerubelin, 1/2 drachm.
Helonias Dijon, 1/2 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. Ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Glycerine, q. s.

Mix.
Make 80 grains. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, taking the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for 50¢.

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OF CUBEBS AND COPAIBA.
This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Cubeb and Copaliba. One recommendation that preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken, being a pleasant and convenient, being the same as that of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., New York.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LADIES

Develop the form by a new process (never fails) and increase or reduce the flesh scientifically. Any sort of form beautifully proportioned. Fittings, Frivolities, Wigs, Muffs, etc., with or without hair removed. Complexions bleached or artistically beautified. Full particulars, 4c. Address Madame M. Latour, 2146 Lexington Av., N. Y.

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Showing sufferers how they may be cured and recover health, strength and manly vigor without the aid of medicine. Will be sent free on receipt of 10c. for postage. Dr. W. YOUNG, 445 Canal Street, New York. Mention this paper.

A Positive Cure without medicine. Patented Oct. 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate cases in four days or less. ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUCHE, a powder composed of the best resin and oil of sandalwood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coating of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box, 1,533, J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

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